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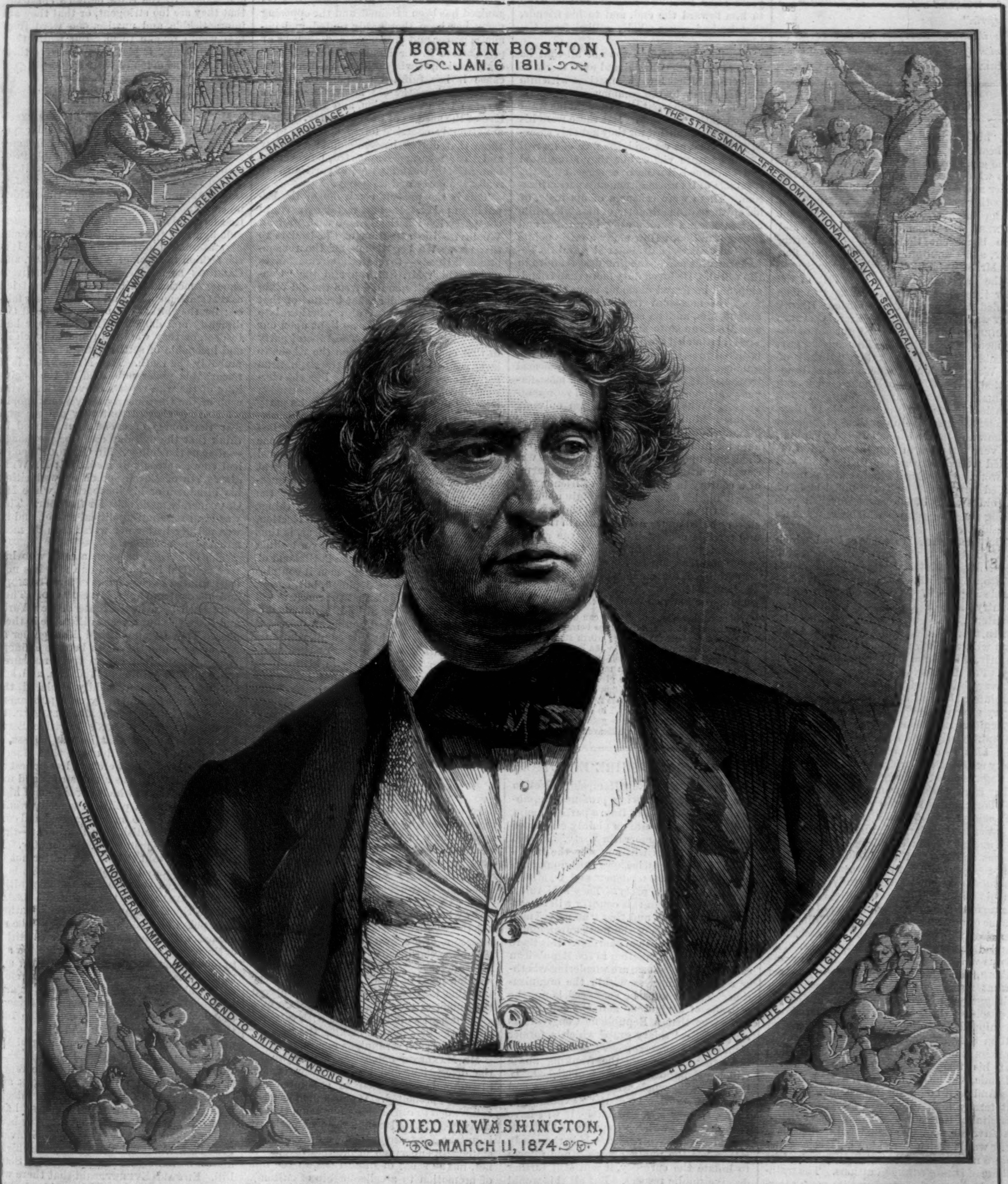
BORN IN BOSTON, JAN. 6 1811.
THE SCHOLAR. "WAR AND SLAVERY, REMNANTS OF A BARBAROUS AGE."
"THE STATESMAN. "FREEDOM, NATIONAL; SLAVERY, SECTIONAL."
"THE GREAT NORTHERN HAMMER WILL DESCEND TO SMITE THE WRONG."
"DO NOT LET THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL FAIL."
DIED IN WASHINGTON, MARCH 11, 1874.

CHARLES SUMNER.

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and Bazar.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 28, 1874.

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CHARLES SUMNER.

MR. SUMNER leaves no public man behind him with so close a hold upon the heart of the country. He was the last of the great triumvirate of antislavery Senators who succeeded that other trio of the earlier and darker epoch of which we speak in another column of this paper. The work of the later three, Seward, Chase, and Sumner, was incomparably greater and more beneficent than that of Webster, Clay, and Calhoun. It is a curious fact that Mr. Sumner took his seat in the Senate on the day that Mr. Clay, the last of the elder three, left it forever. The two men typified the two eras of our politics. Henry Clay was the great compromiser. Charles Sumner was one of the most uncompromising men that ever lived. The courtly, gay, plausible, fascinating cavalier, "Harry of the West," broken, saddened, and disappointed, faltered out of the chamber, and Charles Sumner, young, towering in form, dauntless in mien, the indomitable Puritan, conscience incarnate in politics, entered, and the new and better Union entered with him. The very qualities in him that so often offended were indispensable to the time and the work. Iconoclasm like his was as much needed among the long-worshiped idols of the old temple of slavery as ever it was among the images upon which Cromwell's Ironsides fell.

That stern refusal to wince or bend, which opposed itself to the slave power as a cliff of granite fronts the wildest sea and dashes it into futile froth, was the great and memorable service of Charles Sumner to his country. When slavery in Congress encountered him, it met for the first time that North, that American conscience, that American will, which was at last to overthrow it utterly, and redeem and regenerate the country. For the first time in the national arena slavery found itself opposed by a spirit as resolute and haughty as its own. It tried every means to subdue it, and tried in vain. By culture and taste and temperament Mr. Sumner was peculiarly sensible to that social blandishment in which Southern society excelled, and which made Washington a Capua to many hardy Northern warriors. They came, perhaps, from some secluded rural home, unused to the charms and forces of society. Bashful in the new scene, and ill at ease, they found the most welcome relief amidst the graceful delight of drawing-rooms and in the frank hospitality of dining-rooms in which their pleasure and comfort seemed to be the chief study. In those magic circles the lines of political duty, the sense of right and wrong, which in the quiet home or among cool New England hills were so clear and positive, wavered and shifted, and often glimmered quite out of sight. The lotus was eaten at those feasts, Samson was shorn, and honest folks at home wondered what nepenthe in the air of Washington drugged the Northern brain and dulled its conscience. No man was more thoroughly equipped to enjoy all this to the utmost than Sumner, and no influence in public affairs is more subtle and effective with men of his temperament. But he knew the Lamia, and he did not yield.

And as it could not seduce, neither could it terrify him. He stood for years in the capital of the country—to our bitter shame a slave city—and he thundered against slavery words which were blows. His speeches were not bursts of rhetoric; they were, like those of Demosthenes, orations. The trained advocates of slavery and its mere attorneys were amazed at the comprehensiveness of discourses that left them no escape, left them, indeed, only rage and denunciation. And long afterward, when the ablest lawyer in the Senate, Reverdy Johnson, was preparing the speech in which he justified his vote upon emancipation, he carefully studied all of Sumner's orations as the completest body of history and argument upon the whole subject. The hostility of slavery took its natural form. Often for months it was known, and Mr. Sumner knew, that his life was in constant danger; and during the heat of the Kansas debate a few friends from Kansas then in Washington, who were aware of his personal peril, unknown to him, daily followed him when he left his house, armed—as he never was or would be—for his protection. At last slavery, by the hand of Preston Brooks, struck him the blow that it hoped would be fatal. But after a long and weary struggle his sturdy constitution seemed to have thrown off all serious effects of it, and after resuming his seat in the Senate with a speech that showed all the old vigor, he bore his part in the great and final conflict. But although he lived eighteen years after Brooks's assault, it was clear to him toward the end, and to his friends, that he had never wholly rallied from the blow.

The hostility of foes was not all that he withstood. His political and even many of his personal friends were impatient with him for the injury to the common cause which they feared from what they thought his want of moderation and tact. But those were his inestimable qualities, for they not only showed to slavery, as we said, the face of its real foe and future victor, but they stimulated and confirmed Northern sentiment by the spectacle of its uncompromising personification. There were censures of his taste, of his epithets, of his rhetoric, of his style, while he was doing a giant's work in rousing and saving a nation. How many a critic points out the defects of St. Peter's! And St. Peter's remains one of the grandest temples in the world. He loved duty more than friendship, and he feared dishonor more than any foe. He measured truly the real forces around him, and he saw more clearly than any American statesman that ever lived the vital relation between political morality and national prosperity. The great acts of Republican legislation are thoroughly informed by the spirit of which he was the most fervent and comprehensive political representative. "Why, Mr. Sumner, I am only six weeks behind you," Mr. Lincoln said to him, during the war. It was most fortunate for him that his career was cast at a time and upon a scene for which he was especially fitted, and he lived for a quarter of a century in the full view of friends and foes, doing his duty without a stain upon his fame. Charles Sumner hated slavery, and slavery hated him. And because, in the long and terrible contest, he was so true and so steadfast, panoplied in principle, armed at every point, strong as conscience and pure as childhood, his name will be honored in the land so long as the descendant of a slave remains, or America loves liberty.

> "Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
> Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
> Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
> Looks forward, persevering to the last,
> From well to better, daily self-surpast;
> Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
> Forever, and to noble deeds give birth,
> Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
> And leave a dead, unprofitable name,
> Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
> And while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
> His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause."

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION.

The result of the New Hampshire election is significant, as showing profound Republican indifference. But from a partisan point of view it shows quite as plainly continued distrust of the Democratic party. Honest and patriotic men will not vote the Democratic ticket merely because they do not approve the present tendency and condition of the Republican party. They still think that government in this country will be carried on by parties, and that "no party" men are often the tools of the most unprincipled and dangerous political sharpers. But there is immense dissatisfaction in the Republican camp, and its best men are wondering whether reform is hopeless within the organization. This, it must be confessed, is not the attitude of a vigorous and efficient party. It is true that a Republican Congress has repealed the "salary grab" which a former Republican Congress passed, and it has thus far refused to restore the franking abuse which a Republican Congress abolished. If it destroys the whole system of moieties, and repeals the authority of the Sanborn contracts, as now seems probable, it will have annulled laws which a Republican Congress should never have passed. If it rigorously retrenches the public expenses, and refuses to inflate the currency, it will still further deserve public respect. But all this would be in vain if those who are chiefly implicated in these offenses should still be sustained by the party at the polls. In that case great numbers every where would refuse longer to help the honored name of Republican to serve as the mask and blind of measures and men that cover it with shame.

Practically the managers of a party are the party. A large number of persons agree in opinion upon an object to be attained. They organize for political action. They nominate candidates, and if they elect them these candidates take the lead in securing the objects sought, and they are sustained by the body of persons who have now become a party. But by this time a new element appears. Those persons are not only interested in the proposed object, but they have become attached to the party. The passion of victory, the excitement of combat, all the feelings that give power and consolidation to religious sects, combine to solidify the mass; and party success, independent of the object for which the party was formed, presently becomes the chief interest and purpose of the majority of the members. And if, in the mean while, the special object for which the party was organized has been attained, and the opposing party has been thoroughly routed, and immense power and patronage and chances of plunder are in the hands of the victorious organization, it will not dissolve merely because it has fulfilled its purpose. Party spirit remains—the old habit, the familiar cry, the tried association, and the alternative of the success of the old enemy. These are strongly cohesive forces, and it is upon these that daring leaders count; and they and their measures, supported, however reluctantly, by the multitude of partisans, are really the party and its policy.

This is the present condition of the Republican party. Its best members move in the party lines listlessly and with protest. We invite the attention of the leaders to this fact. We beg them—for the remembrance is timely—to recall the circumstances under which Mr. Sumner and the "Conscience Whigs" separated from the old Whig party, and to consider what became of that party. We ask them also whether late events in England throw no light upon our own political situation. The Liberal party in that country seemed, upon the whole, to be as secure in its position as the Republican party now seems to be here. But the election showed that while the Administration retained a majority in Parliament, its party in the country had been entirely disintegrated. Mr. Bright insisted in his last great speech that the party which had done so much for England deserved continued confidence. The honest purpose and great ability of Mr. Gladstone could not be questioned. But, in the familiar phrase, "the country did not like the way that things were going;" and the event of the election, although a most humiliating defeat, is thus summed up in a private letter by a leading Liberal: "The exclusion from Parliament of some of the most promising men it contained is very much to be deplored, but, except for this, I do not think that the result would be very much regretted by Liberals outside official circles." The Republican party has been long in power in this country, and its achievements have been greater than those of any other political party in history. It is still dominant, but the country does not "like the way that things are going;" and had there been a more decided reverse in New Hampshire than has occurred, the party chiefs may be very sure that it would not be very much regretted by Republicans outside official circles.

"PROMOTION."

It appears that Mr. Manley, who was recommended by the Maine delegation for appointment in the place of Mr. Simmons, was the officer ranking next to him in the internal revenue service, and they were, therefore, so far justified in saying that his appointment would be according to the rules. Of course we did not mean to charge them with saying the thing that was not; but the whole Simmons business was such a burlesque of "reform" that it was impossible not to consider the Maine gentlemen as regarding the "rules" from a strictly Pickwickian point of view. At least we are very sure that they must have immensely enjoyed the humor of recommending Mr. Manley's appointment as in accordance with rules for which the President in making the vacancy had shown such scrupulous regard.

Mr. Manley's name was withdrawn by the delegation, and the successor of Mr. Simmons is announced as appointed *vice* Simmons, promoted. If this announcement is intended to convey the impression that he was promoted under the President's rules, it is untrue, for reasons that we have already stated. A supervisor of internal revenue is not, in the sense of those rules, in the line of promotion to a collectorship of customs. If no subordinate in the customs service of the district is found fit and suitable, the nomination is to be made at discretion. While this rule stands, good faith requires that inquiry for a Collector shall first be made in the Custom-house, and that if the fit man, honorably sought, be not found, the nomination at discretion shall be made in the spirit and for the purpose of the rule, namely, to remove the office from the political arena. In the Boston case nobody supposes, probably, that any inquiry was made among the subordinates, or that their claims were for a moment considered, although the merchants of Boston recommended the Deputy Collector as a perfectly competent person for the position. The nomination of Mr. Simmons was made, therefore, not as a promotion under the rules or within their spirit, but at discretion; and that discretion was exercised, in our opinion, directly against the whole meaning and intention of a reform. It did the very thing which, by adopting the rules and approving the report of the Commission, the President had said that he would not do.

If the President no longer approves the end sought by the rules, or if he considers that they are too stringent, or that they are impracticable and unwise, one word from him would revoke them. But while they stand his honor is pledged to observe their spirit quite as much as their letter.

MILLARD FILLMORE.

Mr. Fillmore was a man of such excellent administrative talents, political experience, urbane manners, and pure character that he would have made an admirable President had not the office when he held it required very much more. It was his misfortune that his career was cast in a time which he could not comprehend, and among forces that he could not control. He was a respectable figure in the epoch of compromise, and his statesmanship was that of his time. It is the fashion to speak of Webster, Clay, and Calhoun as an incomparable triumvirate among American political chiefs. But tried as real statesmen, they all conspicuously failed; for they either did not comprehend the difficulty and danger with which they had to deal, or they were too timid to touch it, and incapable of settling it. The latter is probably the truth. Miss Martineau, in a remarkable paper published at the beginning of the war, reports conversations with each of the three nearly forty years ago, in which they showed that they did see and fear the course of events, but seemed to think that the evil day could be postponed—after us the deluge. Mr. Calhoun's political views were simply mediæval; Mr. Webster's 7th of March speech showed either his blindness or his incapacity; while Mr. Clay merely made shift for the hour. This was Mr. Fillmore's political school, and he was neither better nor worse than its most noted representatives.

The difference between a man who has true political insight and one who has not, is illustrated in the careers of Mr. Fillmore and his contemporary, Mr. Seward. They were both born in the State of New York, and there was but a year's difference in their ages. They began political life together as Antimasons, and they both became eminent Whigs. But Mr. Seward truly measured the weight of opinion around him, and had already, as Senator, boldly declared the higher law of moral duty as a permanent factor in politics, when Mr. Fillmore, as President, signed Mason's Fugitive Slave Bill. It is alleged that he was honest in signing it. But is it doubted that Mason and the slave power were any less honest in proposing it? It was a monstrous and unconstitutional law, which a President of high moral instinct and political sagacity would have vetoed, and so have organized and concentrated the antislavery sentiment—that is, the sense of justice—of the country. It is sometimes said that it was better not to have precipitated the question. But is it gravely urged that because the enormities of Pope Alexander the Sixth and Cæsar Borgia ripened Europe for the Reformation, their poisonings and slaughters are to be regarded with complacency? The condition of the world undoubtedly improves from age to age, but are the Spanish Inquisition and the Southern slave block to be therefore commended as means of progress? It may be true, although it can never be known, that had Mr. Fremont been elected in 1856 the war would have begun, and with a much more doubtful issue; and many a good Republican is undoubtedly glad that Mr. Fremont was not elected. But does he regret that he did not vote for Mr. Buchanan and throw up his hat for the Dred Scott decision? Could Mr. Fillmore's course have been other than it was, he might have been known in our history as the first antislavery President. As it is, he will always be chiefly known as the signer of the Fugitive Slave Bill. Edward Everett said that there was not a lover of liberty in the world who did not droop his head when he heard that Lafayette was dead. There was not a slave in America whose heart did not sink when he knew what Mr. FILLMORE had done.

Mr. FILLMORE long survived his political career. By force of events, not by his own mastery, he had been an important actor in great affairs, and he did what he supposed to be his duty. He lived to see the power which he and greater men than he thought could be placated arrayed in arms against the country and the hopes of human liberty. He shared with those greater men the incapacity of perceiving that slavery must rule or ruin, and therefore with them he could not know that compromise was impossible. He lived to see the malign force which he hoped to conciliate destroyed, and the Union which had been the fortress of slave-masters renewed without a slave. He lived to see the principles of his great opponent, Mr. SEWARD, which had been condemned by him and his friends as incendiary and seditious, adopted amidst the applause of the world as the truly American policy of the government. But he saw it all, apparently, without jealous mortification or regret, and with satisfaction that a greater wisdom than his own had perceived conciliation to be impossible. For twenty years wholly withdrawn from public life, the tranquil dignity of his retirement was attended by the general regard of his fellow-citizens, and he did not die until the bitterness of feeling with which he was once regarded had been lost in exultation that there was no longer any fugitive slave to hunt or return.

"THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND."

GENERAL BUTLER is very anxious for the welfare of the "poor man." The other day he wished that five hundred SANBORNS could be "let out" on the community in order to save the tax upon the poor man's tea and coffee and matches. Let us see how five hundred SANBORNS would help the poor man. The poor man pays taxes on his tea and coffee in part to raise money to pay revenue officers to collect certain other taxes. SANBORN is a man who contracted with the government to do the work of those revenue officers, not for their moderate salary, but for half the sum that he might collect. SANBORN has been already paid more than two hundred thousand dollars, and at least three-quarters of the whole sum collected by him was due to the vigilance of the revenue officers. Mr. W. W. PHELPS states that he paid a certain tax in anticipation, and, as he supposed, to the regular officers; but seven thousand dollars of the amount which would have gone into the Treasury, and to that extent have relieved the necessity of taxing the poor man's tea and coffee, went straight, without any service upon his part, into the pocket of SANBORN. And General BUTLER wishes that there were five hundred more SANBORNS let loose upon the community; the result of which avalanche would be that, if every one played his little game with his Mr. PHELPS, three millions five hundred thousand dollars would go into the SANBORN pockets instead of the Treasury. The poor man would find General BUTLER a very expensive friend in the long-run.

If the poor man ever goes to the theatre he may have seen a play called the *School for Scandal*, in which a Mr. Joseph Surface is continually rolling up his eyes and uttering the noblest sentiments. But his actions are not quite so fine as his words. There is the same inconsistency in the general. Last year that friend of the poor man was the leader in a movement to take out of the Treasury several hundreds of thousands of the dollars paid in part by the poor man in the tax upon his tea and coffee, and to give them to officers who had been already paid the sum for which they had agreed to serve. It was really and morally a theft, and it was a theft of the poor man's money, because the weight of taxation always falls upon the poor man. This year the friend of the poor man has procured the appointment of one of his agents to an important office in Boston, not that the foreign revenues may be so faithfully collected that the poor man's tax upon his tea and coffee may be lightened, but that there may be people paid to manage caucuses so that the poor man must vote as his "friend" wishes. In other words, the machinery intended to collect the public money and to serve the whole community is to be used by this friend of the poor man to grind his own axe. Indeed, if the poor man studies his friend attentively he will discover that this is very much the use to which his friend proposes to put him also.

There is a droll little poem, which the poor man may sometimes find in the corner of the country paper, which is worth his study and meditation. A "friend of humanity" meets a knife-grinder, and says to him:

> "Tell me, knife-grinder, how came you to grind knives?
> Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
> Was it the squire? or parson of the parish?
> Or the attorney?"

The friend of humanity is profoundly interested in the knife-grinder. The thought of his taxes brings tears to his friend's eyes. But when the worthy grinder says that he does not meddle with politics, in other words, that he will not vote for the friend of humanity, but would like a sixpence to drink his health, that great statesman replies:

> "I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned first!"

"The poor man" for whom General BUTLER is so deeply concerned will find the poem very interesting and suggestive.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS FROM EUROPE.

No. X.

THE story of an ancient English family is illustrated in the remarkable trial that has recently held all England in attention. All the secrets of the unlucky TICHBORNES, all the least attractive traits of their domestic careers, have been held up before the public, and have been dwelt upon day by day for the entertainment of millions of readers. Yet there is enough of real interest in this singular case to atone for its extreme length and its not very improving details. The real question involved is whether a mother can mistake the identity of her child, or whether a perverse temper and an impulse of hatred may not have led her to recognize an impostor as her own son, and maintain the deception for the purpose of avenging her fancied or real wrongs upon her husband's relatives. For to the close of her life Lady TICHBORNE never wavered in her assertion that the unattractive claimant was her son ROGER. She treated him with all the tenderness she was capable of, and defended him against all the world.

Sir JAMES TICHBORNE, the father of ROGER, married HENRIETTE FÉLICITÉ, a natural daughter of Mr. HENRY SEYMOUR, of Knoyle. The marriage was an unusually unfortunate one. Lady TICHBORNE's temper was provoking and imperious to the last degree. Sir JAMES, who seems to have wanted resolution, had no rest from her constant provocations. Her son represents his paternal home as a place of torment, or by even a more emphatic name. Four children were born to the unlucky parents, and of these ROGER was the elder, the representative of an ancient family, and the heir of twenty-five thousand pounds a year. His mother insisted upon bringing him up a Frenchman; the father naturally opposed her plan; but after violent altercations the mother was successful, and ROGER was educated in Paris. Here he grew up with little knowledge, except, perhaps, of the less improving scenes of Parisian life. The family were Roman Catholics, and at last the father urged that ROGER should return to England, and enter the Jesuit College at Stonyhurst. Lady TICHBORNE refused her consent with her usual violence, but at last the father stole the boy away, and carried him to the college in defiance of the enraged mother. It was one of her traits of disposition that she hated all her husband's relations. She seemed to have received some insult from them, or fancied one. She covered them with slanders. But at Stonyhurst ROGER did no better than in Paris, and after a few years of indolence left that institution, broken in morals, and perhaps in health. He was evidently addicted to intemperance. He was idle, selfish, vicious. The Chief Justice urged that ROGER was no worse than most young men of his age, but it is to be hoped for the credit of the new generation that this suggestion is far from the truth. There could be no more unattractive example of a misspent youth than this dissipated and weak young man, who was without natural affection, who declared that he would live in the house with neither his father nor his mother, whose temper was obstinate and cruel, who would not visit his dying uncle, and whose errors have been covered up in a friendly veil by the judge.

Next ROGER fell in love with his cousin, Miss DOUGHTY, and was apparently anxious to marry her. Her mother, Lady DOUGHTY, seems at first to have encouraged his hopes. She was not unwilling to unite the two branches of the family, and secure the great fortune of which ROGER was the heir. But one obstacle intervened; ROGER's intemperance became so plain to every one, and probably his vices were so notorious, as to alarm even Lady DOUGHTY. She could not give her daughter to one who was certain to make her wretched. She temporized; she tried to prevail upon ROGER to reform, but seems to have found that it was useless. The match was broken off, and ROGER would never visit his aunt again. In the mean time he had entered the army, and served in several stations in Ireland and England. But he had always been subject to fits of melancholy, the natural result of his early career, and now, weary of every thing at home, separated by a singular aversion from his father and mother, the heir of immense wealth and of one of the best names in England resolved to set out on a tour to South America, possibly careless whether he should ever return.

It was evident that he was not without some natural talent, and under more fortunate influences might have grown into a better man. He was a profuse letter-writer, and through all his travels not only kept a journal, but wrote incessantly to his father, his mother, and many of his relatives or friends. He sailed to Valparaiso, wandered along the coast, and at last began a journey over the Andes, of which his letters give some good descriptions; his spelling was always imperfect, owing in part to his French education, but he seems to have written easily and naturally. At last he reached Buenos Ayres. He had resolved to return home, and wrote to one of his friends to have his name proposed at the Travelers' Club. He set sail in a vessel called the *Bella*, but when a few days had passed, the ship went down in a storm, and her long-boat and the fragments of the wreck were found floating on the ocean. Such seemed the end of the unhappy life of the heir of Tichborne. The news of his fate reached England. After a year and a half had passed his executors disposed of his property. His brother ALFRED inherited a vast estate, and soon after married a daughter of Lord ARUNDEL.

Few probably remembered the lost ROGER, or cared to recall his name. His uncle and aunt, his grandfather and father, died. His cousin, whom he professed to love, had married Sir PERCIVAL RADCLIFFE. The TICHBORNE family were in possession of his property. His mother, who had apparently only a moderate income, lived in Paris. But she, at least, passionately fond of her lost son, had never ceased to cherish his memory. She would never consent to believe that he was lost, and always insisted that he would return. While she lived at Tichborne she would question wandering sailors, and even beggars, whether they had heard of ROGER in their travels; and her delusion, her maternal instinct, or her violent prepossession, often made her the subject of imposition and importunity. After the death of her husband she went to Paris. She still continued her inquiries. She heard of some shipwrecked persons who had been rescued and carried to Australia. She was certain that ROGER was one of them, and she authorized an advertisement to be put in the Melbourne papers, offering a large reward for the discovery of Sir ROGER CHARLES TICHBORNE, the heir of a great estate.

He was soon found, and Lady TICHBORNE awaited with impatience the return of her eldest-born, for whom she had looked for twelve sorrowful years in vain. She expended her moderate income in paying his debts and his passage, and in securing him those advantages which he had apparently voluntarily resigned. Yet he came back so changed, so debased and degraded, that even his impatient mother must have felt an intense and cruel disappointment. By his own confession, or the assertions of his friends, he had been sunk in the lowest intemperance, his mind was enfeebled, his memory impaired. He had lost the common usages of cultivated society; he could no longer write a brief note without the rudest errors; he was grown into a gross and heavy figure; and he asserted that for twelve years he had lived among the dissipated and depraved in Australia; that although the heir of a great estate, he had hired himself to a farmer for a few shillings a week; and that he had kept a butcher's shop, and carved out meat; and he even admitted that he had been guilty of acts he could not safely avow. He had married during his absence an uneducated woman, and brought with him his family. Such was the improbable story by which he accounted for his long absence, and satisfied the curiosity of Lady TICHBORNE. She never for a moment doubted its truth. Nor is it altogether unparalleled. The last Lord BYRON died a common laborer in a factory, reduced by intemperance and vice to a degradation beyond even that of the TICHBORNE claimant; and an Earl of Aberdeen was recently drowned while maintaining himself as a common sailor on a New England ship. It is not possible to say how far a dissipated life and rude company may debase even the most refined nature.

By all the TICHBORNES and the SEYMOURS, by nearly all who should have been the most familiar with his features and his life, except the mother, the person who assumed the part of ROGER TICHBORNE was pronounced an impostor. Those whom he called his aunts, cousins, and early friends denied that he was their relative or acquaintance, whose slight figure and not unpolished manners they could distinctly recall. Yet what adds to the strangeness of the case, should they be right, is the fact that even his opponents admit that there are some traces of resemblance in the coarse and swollen figure and countenance of the claimant to the TICHBORNE family and to ROGER, and several of his early friends and one at least of his relatives are convinced that he is the true heir of Tichborne. He brought an action to recover the property, and was defeated. His supposed mother, Lady TICHBORNE, embarrassed by his expenses and his extravagance, by his follies and his difficulties, had died suddenly in 1868. He has since been tried for perjury, and such has been his round of falsehoods and prevarications, of plain self-contradictions, of gross calumnies, and rude insults to persons whom he should never have assailed, that, even had he been the real Sir ROGER, no one would regret that he had forfeited his fortune or met a deserved punishment. But the burden of proof seems to show that the claimant is a certain ARTHUR ORTON, a butcher's son, who went out to Australia, and who has had some secret connection with the TICHBORNE family. ORTON has disappeared. He may be discovered in the pretended ROGER.

Yet should this prove to be the case, it is the first example in history where a mother's instinct has been mistaken or defied. The law of human nature has been supposed to be invariable. The mother has never failed to be drawn to her offspring by an irresistible and secret tie. In every age the principle has been acknowledged. The Greek tragedians founded their most perfect plots upon the restoration of the abandoned infants, the sudden recognition of one who was thought to be lost forever. SOLOMON appealed to the maternal impulse. The Latin comic writers followed the guidance of the Greeks, and touched their audience by a display of the swift recognition and the natural sympathy of mother and child. The infant exposed on the wild hills of Attica is known after he has sprung up into manhood, and has changed in every thing except a nameless identity. The law of nature has formed the source of endless modern novels, plays, and poems. In future it must be laid aside. The mother can no longer be held an unerring judge of the identity of her own offspring. The example of Lady TICHBORNE, if she is allowed to have been mistaken, must open a new page of human nature, and show that the chief of poets and the most careful of observers have studied but superficially the promptings of the maternal breast.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS opened the week with a short session on the 9th inst., and then adjourned in respect to the memory of ex-President Fillmore. A committee was appointed by the Senate to attend the funeral.—The House, on the 10th inst., passed a bill to prevent the useless slaughter of buffaloes in the West.—In the House, on the 11th inst., resolutions were adopted to investigate the management of the Printing Bureau. In the Senate, Mr. Stewart, of Nevada, was appointed chairman of the committee to investigate the affairs of the District of Columbia, in place of Mr. Boutwell, excused on account of ill health. On the announcement of Senator Sumner's death both Houses adjourned.—On the 14th inst., in the House, Mr. Cox presented a memorial signed by Peter Cooper, Hewitt & Co., Phelps, Dodge, & Co., L. P. Morton, J. S. Schultz, A. A. Low & Brothers, N. L. & George Griswold, and other prominent business men of New York, for such legislation as may insure the full success of the Centennial celebration.

The funeral of the late Senator Sumner took place in King's Chapel, Boston, on the 16th inst. A large concourse of people attended the services and followed the body to the tomb.

Ex-President Fillmore was buried in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo, New York, on the 12th inst.

The Rhode Island House of Representatives on the 12th inst. passed a resolution submitting to the people an amendment to the State Constitution authorizing women suffrage. The vote stood 44 to 17.

The election for Governor in New Hampshire on the 11th inst. did not result in a choice, and the matter will have to go to the Legislature.

The upper Hudson is again closed, and there is much ice in the river.

The outstanding national bank circulation at this date is $348,334,389.

FOREIGN NEWS.

CHARLES ORTON has made a confession, which is published in the London *Globe*, that the Tichborne claimant is his brother. He says he recognized him the first time he saw him, but kept silent in consideration of being paid £5 a month.

Out of thirty-four officers of the British troops who engaged in the Ashantee war seven died and seven others were wounded. King Koffee has paid the first installment of the promised indemnity.

An official dispatch from Cape Coast Castle, dated February 22, says: "All the troops, except the Highlanders, have re-embarked for home. Sir Garnet Wolseley will embark on the 7th of March. Captain Glover, with 1000 men, entered Coomassie two days after Sir Garnet Wolseley occupied the town."

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh made their entry into London on the 12th inst. The grand programme was strictly carried out, although snow fell from the beginning to the end of the ceremonies. In the evening the entire West End was brilliantly illuminated. The crowds were so great on the line of the procession that many accidents occurred, four persons being killed and twenty-four wounded.

At a recent meeting of the directors of the Bank of England it was announced that the total expense incurred in the pursuit and prosecution of the two Bidwells and Macdonald, the parties who committed the frauds on the bank, was £46,000.

All the members of Mr. Disraeli's new cabinet who have asked for re-election have been returned without opposition.

Another large Fenian amnesty meeting was held in Hyde Park, London, on Sunday, the 15th inst.

The Catholic seminary attached to the see of the Bishop of Treves was forcibly closed on the 9th inst. by orders of the Prussian government. Large crowds gathered about the building, and tried to prevent the officers, and a riot followed, which was suppressed by the troops.

In the committee of the French Assembly on the Election Law a proposition has been made by the Right for the disfranchisement of the colonies of France. M. Laboulaye made an earnest remonstrance, warning the members that the British colonies in America had been alienated from the mother country by the denial of the right of representation. The colonial deputies have unanimously demanded that right.

The Pope has written to the Austrian bishops, urging them to use all their influence to prevent the passage of the proposed ecclesiastical laws.

Marshal Serrano has assumed command of all operations in the field against the Carlists, and at latest advices was, with 34,000 men, face to face with nearly 35,000 of the enemy.

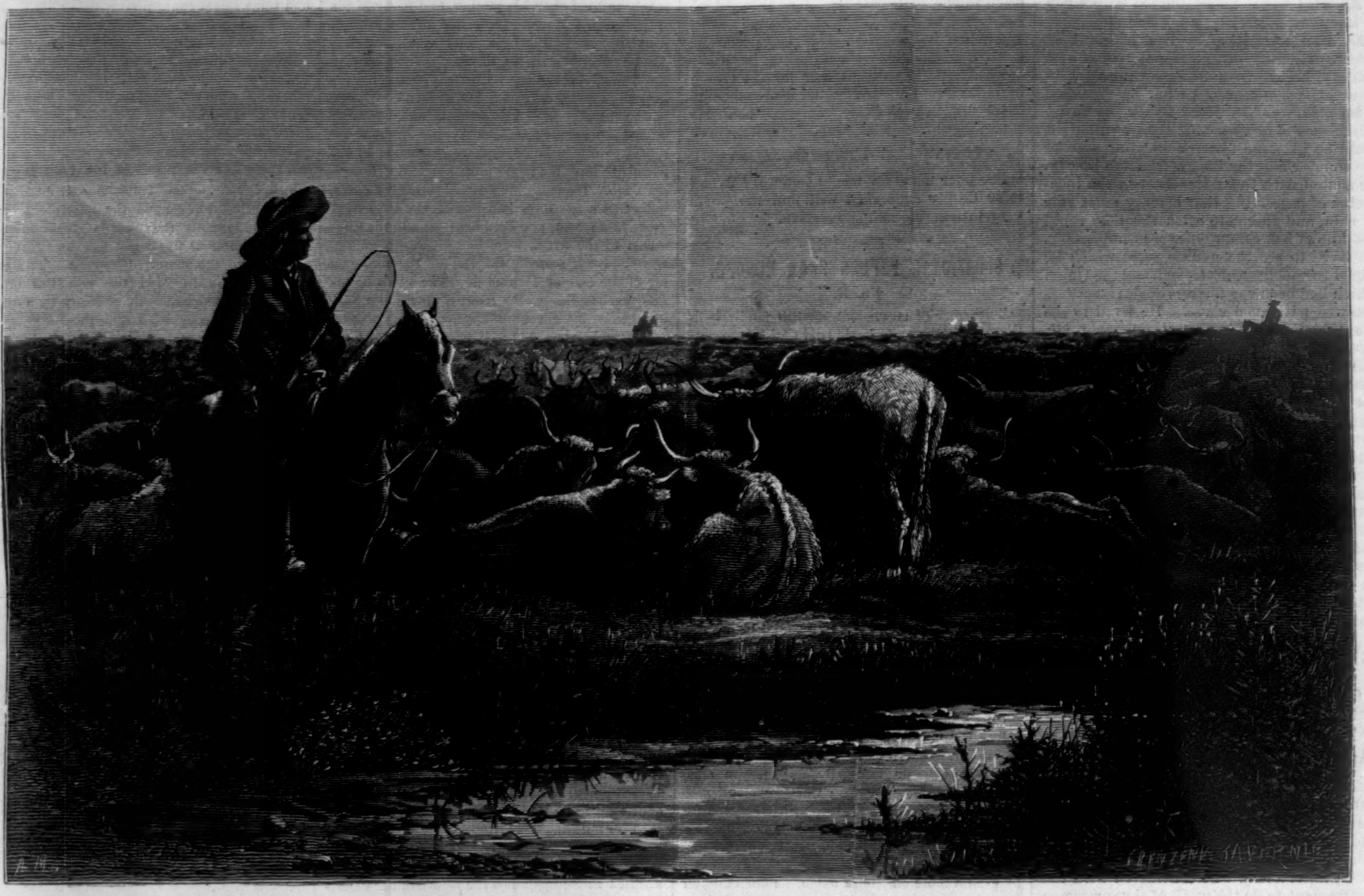
The ex-Empress Eugénie and her son have finally broken off relations with the Prince Napoleon.

General José Concha has been appointed Captain-General of Cuba, in place of Jovellar.

Jean Cruveilhier, the distinguished French anatomist and physician, is dead.

Advices by mail from Buenos Ayres to February 9 have been received. The Presidential election in the Argentine Republic was attended with much turbulence and disorder. There were riots in the capital, in which four persons were killed and twelve wounded. The disturbances in the provinces were still worse. The result of the election was not yet known. General Mitre at last accounts was at the head of the polling in Buenos Ayres, and Avellaneda in the provinces. The cholera and fever had disappeared.

The Bishop of Pernambuco has been sentenced to four years' imprisonment for continued resistance to the laws of Brazil.



THE TEXAS CATTLE TRADE—GUARDING THE HERD.

THE TEXAS CATTLE TRADE.

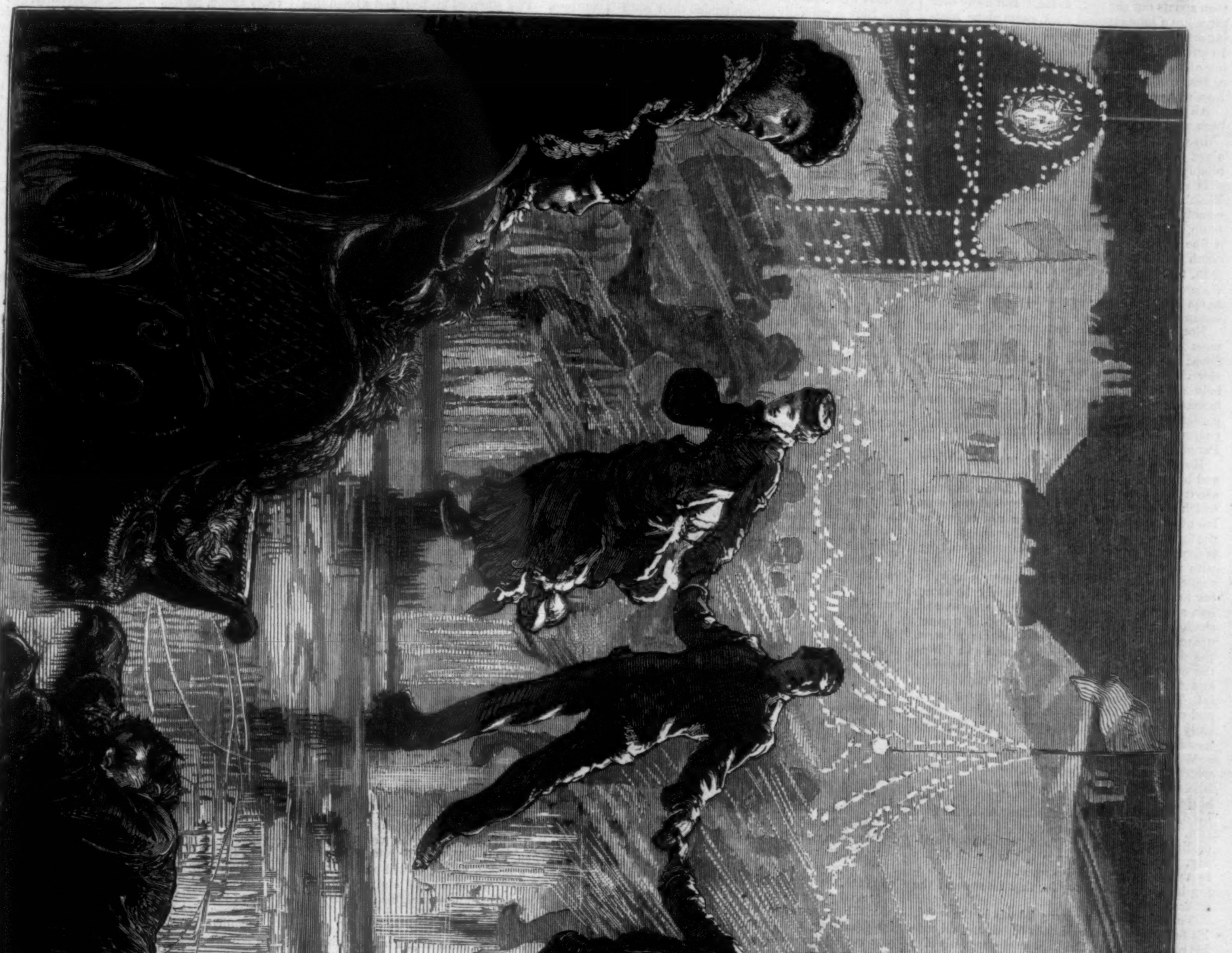
The larger drawing on this page represents the interior of a cattle ranch on the northwestern frontier of Texas. A rude but comfortable log-cabin gives shelter to the herdsmen, who are, as a rule, generous, warm-hearted, brave, and fond of adventure. A stranger entering their camp might mistake them for lawless and dangerous characters, but they must not be judged by their rough appearance. Good comradeship, devotion, and disinterestedness are the rule among them, and hospitality is a sacred law. Nowhere is a traveler more cordially welcomed or more hospitably entertained than at a Texas cattle ranch. Indefatigable and excellent riders, they are perfectly familiar with the topography of the country over which they are continually roving, and as they are always well armed, and skillful in the use of the rifle and pistol, they are more dreaded by the Indians than all the United States soldiers ever sent into the State.

A herd of cattle is called a "bunch," and varies in number from five hundred up to ten or

THE TEXAS CATTLE TRADE—CALLING THE NIGHT GUARD.

twelve thousand. Each herd is guarded by from four to six men, according to the character of the country, woodland requiring a larger force than open prairie. Day and night the strictest watch is kept to prevent the cattle from straying or being driven off by Indians and prowling Mexicans. The larger drawing shows a herder entering the ranch, and calling the night watchers. Supper has been eaten, the boys have indulged in a game of cards, and are ready to take their turn. A picturesque confusion of saddles, blankets, weapons, cooking utensils, etc., is apparent in the room. In case of an attack by Indians, the log-cabin becomes a fortress, which can be easily defended against a force greatly outnumbering the garrison. The herdsmen live well but simply, meat, corn cakes, and coffee, all served without stint, forming the regular bill of fare.

The smaller drawing represents a large "bunch" of cattle on their "bedding," or resting-place, guarded by mounted watchers. A watch comprises about six hours, and the duty requires the sharpest look-out and attention.



THE FESTIVITIES IN RUSSIA—THE ROYAL PARTY SKATING ON THE ENGLISH QUAY, ST. PETERSBURG.

A ROYAL SKATING PARTY.

THE sketch on this page represents the skating *fête de nuit* given at St. Petersburg in honor of the Prince of Wales by the English Neva Skating Club in their inclosure facing the English Quay, and almost opposite to the English Church. The *fête* was organized on a magnificent scale. Elegant pavilions were erected where the various members of the royal party might rest and refresh themselves, fir-trees were planted in the ice, and supported long strings of opal, ruby, and emerald colored lamps, illuminated grottoes of ice were built, and at each end of the inclosure was a small tower whence the electric light was directed on the scene below. The royal party seemed greatly to enjoy the fun. The Princess of Wales and the Czarevna skated about hand in hand, while the Prince of Wales, Prince ARTHUR, the Crown Prince of Denmark, and the Czarowitz were not less active. The Duchess of Edinburgh, however, although she wore skates, and occasionally used them, seemed to prefer being pushed about in a chair by her husband.

The festivities in the interior cities which followed the imperial marriage were on a scale of princely magnificence and grandeur. At Moscow, the ancient capital of All the Russias, an enthusiastic welcome was given to the wedding party, and the Ball of the Nobles is said to have been unequaled in splendor. It was nearly midnight when the imperial party arrived, the train having been delayed by the snow; but as soon as the express was signaled the various streets through which the route lay to the Kremlin burst into a rich blaze of light. As the *cortége* drove along, with their sledges at a sharp trot, colored fires were lighted, and showed dense masses of spectators, who greeted the imperial visitors with deafening cheers.

AN INSUPERABLE OBSTACLE.

How pleasantly those glowing embers hob-nob together! How closely they cling, each one reflecting, brightening, and enhancing the flame of the other! Presently one tumbles down, and forthwith its comrade falls atop of it, and around and about the other fagots gather. Cheerfully then spouts out the little flame. But away over there lies a long crooked stick, quite alone, blazing away merrily just now. But it can't last long. In union there is strength, old boy. What! waning already? Come, then, here is a sturdy poker that will shove you back to the magical ring. Now blaze away with the rest!

Ah me! I would that some sturdy poker had been used in my case while there was yet time!

In spite of the light and warmth and luxury about me, I feel out in the cold somehow, indubitably out in the cold!

Is it my fault, I wonder, or my misfortune? Which? When I was a lad of eighteen I had a comely countenance, a shapely figure, an active brain, and, as a respectable correlative to all these, a fine fortune. Soon after reaching my eighteenth birthday I was, although a clever horseman, tumbled almost upon the spikes of an inclosure that had in my daily rides often seemed to me like the flaming swords that kept intruders out of the garden of Eden.

Not that the grounds were more alluring than most ordinary country-seats can boast, but at about the hour I passed that way I invariably saw therein a group of children, and a young lady apparently attending them. This latter human creature was the Eve that created that garden of Eden in my imagination, lending a charm to the place that caused me to liken it to Paradise.

How plainly it comes back to me now—briers and bushes and slovenly underbrush, around and about it all the spike-crowned fence, through which gazes with his soul in his eyes that ardent lad of eighteen, the little ones a rod or two in the foreground, and Miss Clara Burton—for that is the name of the beautiful governess—walking with proud and stately step after them! Her shapely head is inclined, perhaps, over a book, or her luminous eyes gather in the landscape about her, and rest appreciatively upon the lights and shadows of yonder wind-blown rock, or wander dreamily to the fleecy clouds hanging athwart the dazzlingly blue sky. How glad and fair is the morning, how fresh and bright the sunshine and the balmy air, and, oh, how beautiful she is! That lad of eighteen tugs at his horse's rein, and can scarce get his breath for looking at her. Only the surly fence between, and yet how far, how immeasurably, heart-breakingly far!

Well, it so happened that this nearness for which he had vainly yearned was thrust upon him, for one spring morning, as he reined in his horse, and prepared to imbibe the usual basis for his dreams for that day, the lively animal under him, becoming no doubt disgusted with this ridiculous and extremely monotonous love malady, determined to change the tenor of affairs by throwing him over his head, and nicely poising him upon a stone pillar that intersected the spikes.

There he lay, like young Adonis in the wood, his fair locks bedabbled with blood, and all pale his rounded cheeks, the light shut out of his blue eyes.

Venus, in the shape of Miss Burton, than whom there could be then no fairer prototype for the goddess, went quickly to the rescue, losing her own brilliant color in the mean while, and clasping her hands in graceful dismay.

He was carried into the house, and some hours elapsed before he was even aware of this felicity; but when he did at last open those blue eyes, and open them to the consciousness that near him knelt Miss Clara Burton, her taper fingers busy in helping the doctor mend his unfortunate head, which had been rudely handled by the jagged edge of the stone pillar—when he found himself within a hand's-breadth of her shining hair—when he could almost feel her fragrant breath upon his cheek, his soul became so completely surcharged with rapture that he closed his eyes with a sigh, and actually lost consciousness again.

But joy don't kill—in fact, it must have some healing proclivities; for speedily, all too speedily for poor Phil Fairfield, came vigor and strength again, and had it not been for a lucky sprain of the right ankle he would have been compelled to get away from that enchanted palace in the course of the afternoon. How he thanked his presiding star for that comfortable sprain that detained him! To be sure, it brought a few nasty accessories, a severe twinge every little while that wrenched his whole being, a heavy sodden ache tugging continually at the muscles of his whole right leg; but what were these compared to the unsatisfied yearning pangs of an unfed passion? Now at least he was near her. Constantly he heard her clear silvery voice. He could distinguish the rustle of her dress as it floated past the corridor. Twice, three times that day, perhaps even more frequently, she came to the lounge where he lay, and once (it was toward evening) she let her hand fall lightly on his broken head, and asked if he was better.

Better! Oh, Phil Fairfield, but once in a lifetime comes that soul-thrilling rapture, the first mingling of the material with an adolescent spiritual passion. Never again, never again, charm they never so wisely, can all the women you are fated to behold, give you one tithe of that ecstasy! It was a rambling old country-house, inhabited only by an old widow lady and three grandchildren; her only son had lost his young wife here some two years before, and had left children and mother, home and country, and gone abroad for redress from grief.

The children's education was intrusted to the care of this young relative of the family—distant, but acknowledged; and although Miss Burton called herself by the somewhat disparaging title of governess, she would have taken great umbrage to have been called thus by another. She was virtually the queen of the household, merely by the presence of the proprietor, old Mrs. Mason, getting rid of the irksome part of domestic cares. The eldest child, a boy, had been sent to a neighboring school, and the two little girls were really *taught* by the upper nurse. Miss Burton carefully superintended their wardrobes, and prescribed the course of knowledge which the nurse was able and willing to impart. She also walked in the grounds with her young relatives at a stated hour every morning. So that, although the household seemed to hang upon her control, her life was really an easy and pleasant one. As far as drudgery went, her position was a sinecure, and it should have been—a thousand pities to have it otherwise.

So there was time and opportunity and every adjunct necessary to render her fascinating. And from loving her outside the gate, Phil fell to adoring her inside the spiked inclosure.

Being really a handsome, well-grown lad, his only drawback that hobbledehoydom that comes with first love, Miss Burton easily forgave that as a natural consequence, and allowed herself, I think, to seriously grow fond of the boy. So did the other members of the household. Mrs. Mason had known his dead mother; he was of that catholically courteous nature that always wins the servants and hangers-on of an establishment; and as for the children, the little orphan girls (for their father was the same as dead to them), it became a matter of study to keep them out of the way long enough to enable him to put his passion into words. Which he did before his ankle was sufficiently strong to allow him to do without a cane.

Walking down the familiar road, of the very dust of which he had been yearningly fond, leaning heavily upon his cane, and lightly but rapturously upon Miss Burton's arm, he suddenly saw the very pillar upon which his body came to grief, but his soul to ecstasy. A few discolored streaks thereon Phil declared was his blood.

"Shed willingly for you, Miss Burton," he said aloud to her.

"For me!" she exclaimed; "why, what nonsense!"

"For you," he repeated, "always for you. If it were my life-blood, and every drop wrung from me by direst agony, I would shed it all for you!"

Then he dropped into a garden-seat, and she stood irresolutely by, while he poured out his soul in a rhapsody of madness that at last had its way with her.

"You foolish boy," she cried, looking down upon him caressingly, "you will make yourself ill again. Get up this moment. I command you—I—I entreat you—*do* get off your knees, Phil, I beg of you; you'll take cold!"

"Not till you give me your hand—your heart."

"Well, take my hand, and help yourself up with it this moment! I'm so afraid you'll be ill!"

"And you *do* love me—just a little?"

"I love you a great deal, you silly lad—ever so much. Of course I do!"

"And you will marry me when—when—"

"When you are old enough?" Here she laughed long and merrily. "That was what you were going to say; you know it was. Now think for yourself what madness it is on your part. You are a mere boy yet, Phil dear, and I—why, I am already almost an old woman; I am twenty-three!"

So Miss Burton ridiculed the depth and intensity of this passion which her young lover declared was not a matter of time, but eternity!

Nevertheless she granted Phil many happy hours, which to this day he is grateful for, and she encouraged him to that degree that the lad's head was filled with schemes and aspirations of a domestic character which would have done credit to a wiser head and more practical judgment. He began to look into his affairs, to balance accounts, and take inventories, which were also encouraging in their way, for he was not badly off in the world, as I said before. In the midst of all this Gerald Mason came home, the son of the widow, the father of the orphans. He burst in upon them suddenly one November night. Phil had little Jessie Mason on his knee, telling her a fairy story, in which the beautiful princess was so accurately and vividly described that Jessie cried out, "Why, that's like Cousin Clara!"

"So it is Cousin Clara," said Phil. And then little Jessie began to pout, for Cousin Clara was alive and before her, a practical, humdrum reality, while the little one wanted food for imagination.

But soon she was on papa's knee, listening to wonderful adventures by sea and land. Facts became brighter and stranger than fiction. All the little household, Phil included, listened spellbound, hour after hour, to the tales of this traveler.

Clara's walks with the children became extended; but instead of Phil, Gerald Mason was her companion. Phil joined them at first, but presently staid behind. He had grown a little tired of hearing about foreign lands, and preferred the more domestic felicity of wandering off by himself where he could weave undisturbed those fanciful dreams of the future, which now seemed so much nearer realization. For since the father of the orphans had come home, and the son of the widow, he was their natural protector, and they would no longer need the care or protection of Clara. Phil had a great reverence and respect for this fine, sun-imbrowned, hardy man. He would, of course, recognize Phil's claim upon his young relative, and relieve her of her present duties.

After months of impatient waiting Phil was compelled to make an opportunity to speak.

Almost a score of years ago, and yet how clearly that evening in March stands out in the retrospect! There had been a softness and languor in the air all day, an undefined promise of spring, to which nature gladly responded. The frogs down by the little lake croaked in discordant glee. Migratory birds screamed and chuckled over Phil's head as he waited in the underbrush for Clara to go by. She had passed fully an hour ago with Mr. Mason and the children. The shadows began to lengthen; the sun went down, and with it all promise of early warmth or verdure. Phil stamped his feet, and wished that "ancient mariner," as he was wont at times to call him, would bring Clara and the children home. A hoary old owl in the tree above Phil found the darkness gathering about the gnarled old branches, and shook his wings briskly, preparatory to flying off for his nightly dissipation.

"Wait a while," said Phil, glancing upward, "and you'll hear something nice, old bird; hold on a bit, till Clara comes; she is worth waiting for and listening to."

The owl suddenly burst into a harsh laugh; it was cold, sardonic, bitter.

It would have jarred upon Phil if he had not heard a brushing in the path and the dead leaves scattered by children's feet. A man's tread and the rustle of Clara's silken drapery fell upon his ear. She smiled upon him, her bright, magnetic smile, but would have passed on without a word if Phil had not put out his hand and detained her.

"Stay, Clara," he said; "I must detain you a moment. Mr. Mason will excuse you."

Mr. Mason looked inquiringly, rather haughtily, upon Phil, but raised his hat courteously and walked on.

"The night grows chill," he said, turning again to Clara; "you had better come in-doors."

Clara took one step forward, but Phil's hand held her firmly.

"Stay," he said; "I will be heard;" for there was something in Clara's face that smote him to the core. Phil took both her hands in his, and looked in Clara's face with an agony of entreaty.

"Clara," he cried, "what is this? Oh, come to me. You know how I love you. Let this man take care of his own, and do you come to me! Your duty is no longer here; it is at my place yonder; or if not there, *any where*, so long as it is with me. If you do not like it here, we'll travel, Clara. You know I have enough and to spare. You shall see for yourself all these wonders and scenes that seem to fascinate you so. Clara, oh, Clara, why don't you speak? why do you turn your head away from me?"

She turned her beautiful head, and tears were really in her eyes. Yes, she wept for me, and well she might. I knew it was all over. I dropped her hands, and raised mine to heaven in despair. I knew not what I did; it makes me faint now to think of it. The poor desperate lad, how I pity him!

She clung to me with both her cold white hands.

"Phil, Phil," she said, "listen to me. You break my heart. Oh, what shall I do? I am so sorry for you, so bitterly sorry. I wish I had died before I had given you this misery. But listen, Phil. You suffer now, I know; but it's only a boyish fancy; it will pass, dear—pass quite away. I am too old, entirely too old for you, Phil. It is an insuperable obstacle!"

"And this man—this Gerald Mason," I stammered—"is there no disparity there?"

"It is on the man's side, Phil, and that is every thing."

I turned away and dashed like a madman through the underbrush; the owl screamed and hooted jeeringly after me; he liked it just as well, that cynical old owl, as if it had all gone the other way.

God alone knows what kept Phil alive that wild March night. He wandered frantically, mile after mile, drenched to the skin, chilled to the marrow of his bones, the wind howling after him, and not a ray of comfort in the black infinite sky or the storm-tossed, misery-laden earth.

A month or two later his friends got him abroad. In his turn he wandered through foreign lands, in the hope to forget. I don't think he succeeded very well; he remembered it all bitterly enough; but he gained a sort of grim philosophy that helped him through. Then he was amused, certainly, with the strange scenes about him, took a lively interest therein, and had no outward semblance of heart-break in a year or two. He looked old for his years, folks said, old and worn, somehow, and at twenty-five was bearded as a pard, and grave and cynical as the ancient owl in his native woods. Where he wandered and what he saw would fill many a volume, if Phil were fool enough to write about it; but fortunately for you and for me, he never has attempted that ungrateful task.

For fifteen years he was a wanderer on the face of the earth, and only returned a short while since, because there were no new fields he cared to explore.

His soul was not so dead when he reached his native land that he was altogether remiss in the required enthusiasm. For the first time since he had left it Phil felt glad that he was alive, and when he gained his ancestral wood, he looked even jocularly for his cynical old friend the owl.

He could see the gables of the old Mason mansion yonder. Gerald and his mother were both dead, and Clara lived in the old house with her step-daughters. She had no children of her own, but report said she was happy with those of her husband. The boy had died at school, but the girls had grown to womanhood, and Jessie, Phil's little favorite, was reported to be beautiful.

How clear the atmosphere seemed to Phil! Since he had left Syria he had found no such vivid sunshine. One could see for miles and miles—he almost thought he could discern the spikes in the old Mason fence. Phil found he was getting into the habit of wondering about the people yonder, and he determined to cure that at once. He would go and see his old friend Clara and the girls.

So cutting a sturdy slip from one of his own hickory saplings, he resolved to walk over to the old place and see what fifteen years had done by the way. One landmark after another was passed. Phil began to think that either the world had stood quite still, or that time had dealt very tenderly with this bit of land, over which, years agone, he had traveled so joyously.

Yonder comes another pedestrian. She is a woman, tall and graceful, but her step is slow, and there is a sadness about her figure, somehow, that frets Phil; it seems to jar with the glad bright landscape about him. In the distance he can see that she is pale too, and, alas! yes, she is no longer young. But from out a neighboring copse there springs another figure, and catches up with the tall pale lady. Her hands are full of wild flowers. Phil can see the glow on her cheek; and now he is close enough to find that this one is young and beautiful, and that her presence is in tone with the sweet summer day.

With the slight courteous inclination that is exchanged on a country road between strangers, Phil passes on, but is stopped suddenly by a voice that is strangely, sadly, wonderfully familiar.

"It is he," said the tall pale lady; "I am certain of it; but as he has forgotten me, let us go on, Jessie."

"I knew your voice, Clara," cried Phil, "but I had forgotten your face." Then he joined them and they walked on homeward. He talked to his old favorite, little Jessie Mason, now a woman, winsome, bright, and lovely. He told her how little changed he had found the neighborhood about his old home, and what a delight it was to him.

"That you owe to mamma," said Jessie. "She won't have a tree cut down or a new one planted, and if even one of the old rusty spikes in our ugly fence gives way, she has another one in its place immediately."

Phil looked over at Clara. How strange it was to see her so changed, and every thing else so familiar! He felt a keen pang when he found himself within the Mason inclosure. It seemed to him as if he had been dead a long time, and his spirit had suddenly taken a fancy to stalk about the old torture place.

But this wore away after a visit or two, and Phil made many visits there. Clara was not very strong, and the younger daughter was away; but Jessie was always ready to walk or drive or ride with Phil. He declared that he must make pilgrimages to all the favorite nooks of his boyhood; that he had neglected them for foreign shrines, and must make amends.

Weeks merged into months, and summer was on the wane, when Phil at last made up his mind to wander abroad no more, but to settle down under his native sky, and marry, and be happy—reasonably happy, not madly or rapturously; that was gone with the past. But why should every thing be lost? reasoned Phil.

Here was Jessie, this sweet little woodland flower; she would make yonder wilderness to bloom and blossom as the rose. She was bright, loving, winsome, in form and feature, young, *very* young; but that mattered little, so long as this time the years were on the right side.

Jessie was fond of him evidently—Phil felt certain of that—and would in time smooth all these creases out of his life. They would be happy, reasonably happy, without a doubt. He would cherish her with that fostering care that is born of mature and deliberative love—not that mad, unreasoning idolatry that yonder pale sad matron had so ruthlessly squandered.

Phil began to feel that he held the future in his own hands, and was reverently glad and thankful for the privilege thus held out to him. He resolved to grasp it, and have it safe at once and forever.

It was only the other day they had been overtaken by a storm, and Jessie, in the drive homeward, crept close to Phil. He sheltered her for many a mile, holding tight and warm about her the carriage wrap. What mortal man could hold this winsome creature to his heart and not feel electrified, for the time being at least, with positive joy? Phil felt the dregs of his lost youth stirring within him; the faint skeleton of the wild sweet rapture seized him—that youth he thought gone from him forever.

"My sweet Jessie," he whispered, "my own little girl, would that I were taking you to my own hearth-stone, there to be cherished forever!"

Whereupon she struggled out of the carriage wrap, and out of his arms, looking up in his face with sore affright.

"Why, Jessie," said Phil, "you surely mean to be my little wife some day, don't you?"

"Your wife!" she stammered, all the crimson fading out of her face, and her eyes filled with terror. "Oh no; that is impossible; never—never!"

Phil made one little struggle to catch at this phantom of joy fast fading away from him.

"Didn't you know that I hoped for this, Jessie? Had you no thought of it yourself?"

"Oh no, Mr. Fairfield—no, no; I never dreamed you cared for me in that way. I—I thought you liked me as—as an uncle would, or—or a father. I haven't any father, you know; and—and I suppose it was wrong. I—I led you to believe, perhaps; but I couldn't; it—it is not to be thought of."

"An insuperable obstacle again," I repeated, bitterly. "Once I was too young; now I am too old!"

Jessie burst into a passion of sobs. The poor child felt terribly. I was compelled to soothe her, and declare to her that it wouldn't matter at all—not to let the subject give her the slightest uneasiness.

But would I be her friend? Would I please not get angry and queer, and be nothing to her?

"I will be a father to you, Jessie," I asserated, solemnly; for, in truth, I was glad to have her cease sobbing. "I will be your uncle, grandfather, any thing you like, child, I declare to you!"

Then I took her home, and from thence drove over to my own lonely hearth, where I have been ever since, pondering it all over, and wondering how it all comes about, and whether it is my fault or my misfortune.

PERSONAL.

In the new British Parliament there are more journalists than have hitherto ever been returned to that body—more, we think, than can be counted up in our present House of Representatives. Among them are Mr. Walter, principal proprietor of the London *Times;* Mr. Beresford Hope, principal proprietor of the *Saturday Review;* Mr. Morley and Mr. Charles Reed, of the *Daily News;* Alderman Carter, of the Leeds *Express;* Mr. P. Taylor, of the *Examiner;* Dr. Cameron, of the *North British Mail;* Sir John Gray, of the *Freeman's Journal;* Mr. Whitworth, of the *Circle;* Mr. Colman, of the *Norfolk News;* Mr. Bars, of the *Railway Service Gazette;* Mr. Sullivan, of the *Nation;* and lastly, the man who is of more importance to them than any one else, Mr. W. H. Smith, who has control of the newspaper stands at all the railway stations in the kingdom.

—France pays her embassadors fairly. Her new minister to London, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia, gets $40,000 a year, the highest sum paid to any diplomatist except the embassador to St. Petersburg, who receives $50,000. The embassador at Vienna receives $34,000; the one at Berlin, $28,000.

—On the announcement of the death of ex-President Fillmore, in the United States Senate, Senator Sherman asked if there was a precedent for an adjournment. Senator Anthony replied that Congress adjourned upon the death of General Washington, and it was upon that occasion that the phrase, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen" was uttered.

—Alluding to the recent dedication of the Rev. Mr. Talmage's new Tabernacle in Brooklyn, and to the raising of money to pay off church indebtedness, "Burleigh" writes to the Boston *Journal* that "the great beggar of the continent, as he is called, is Rev. L. F. Ives, of Auburn, New York. He has attended the dedication of 800 churches, most of which he has freed from debt. He usually takes several days in the preparation. Meetings are held, plans are drawn, leading men consulted, and the sum agreed upon placed on a list. The audience see the smooth operation of the work; the machinery, the pullies, and the wires are out of sight. The time devoted to the collection is given up exclusively to Mr. Ives. He clears the deck like a commodore preparing for action. During the two hours and a half of his work he makes things lively. He is full of racy anecdote, humorous story, illustration, and incident. As if in doubt how to proceed, he suggests that they begin with $1000 subscriptions, or $500. The men who have agreed to subscribe those sums are in different parts of the house, and ring out the amounts sonorously. The good work goes on until the smaller sums are reached. All the while the getting of money is interspersed with story and song, and the mirthfulness of the audience is kept up to a fervid range. All this machinery was introduced at the Tabernacle dedication to lift a subscription of $35,000. Mr. Ives was in his glory. His sallies brought peals of laughter from the mouth as well as money from the pocket. He gets well paid for this work; he receives from $250 to $1000 a Sunday, according to the amount raised. In his sphere he is supreme. He is in constant demand, and is quite at home wherever called."

—Mr. Brand has been unanimously re-elected Speaker of the new House of Commons. In reference to him the late Sir Robert Peel once said to Lord Palmerston, "He is a thorough English member, and we all love him."

—All England is in a rave over a witticism of the Queen. Some one at the court had spoken disparagingly of the criticisms pronounced by Sir Charles Dilke on the civil list. "It is strange," Queen Victoria is said to have replied, "for I remember having him as a boy on my knee and stroking his hair. I suppose," added her Majesty, "I must have stroked it the wrong way."

—Minister Schenck arrived from Liverpool in the *Abyssinia* on the 7th inst., and will return in the same vessel in May. He comes home on matters connected with his private business. He is very hopeful as to the present and prospective value of American securities abroad.

—Elder Jacob Knapp, well known throughout the country as a revival preacher, died a few days since at Rockford, Illinois, at the age of seventy-four. He was brought up an Episcopalian, but became a Baptist, and preached as an independent itinerant, preferring Baptist churches where they would receive him. He estimated that over 100,000 persons had been converted under his ministry.

—Sir Francis Petit Smith, who died recently in England, was the inventor of the screw method of propelling ships, and for his services to the British navy was in 1855 granted a pension of $1000, and was knighted.

—Of the new Senator elect from Mississippi, Mr. Bruce, the following authentic sketch appears in the New Orleans *Louisianian*, a paper edited and managed entirely by colored men: "Blanch Kelso Bruce was born in Prince Edward County, Virginia, March 1, 1841; moved to Marshall County, Mississippi, in 1851, and to Missouri in 1854. He is of mixed blood, his father being white and his mother colored. He was a slave until liberated in 1855. He had the advantages of a common-school education, obtained at Oberlin, Ohio. He returned to Mississippi in 1869, and held successively several offices of profit and trust. In this year he was appointed Register of Voters in Tallahatchee County, Mississippi, and took an active part in the political canvass. In 1870 he was elected Sergeant-at-Arms of the State Senate. In 1871 he was appointed Assessor of Bolivar County, and in the latter part of the same year was elected Sheriff and Tax Collector of said county, and also a member of the Board of Levee Commissioners of the county. In 1872 he was re-elected to each of these offices, in which he served until the people, through the General Assembly, as an expression of appreciation of his capacity and fidelity, elected him, on the 5th of February, 1874, United States Senator from Mississippi for the term beginning March 4, 1875. Senator Bruce is of fine address, easy and graceful in his carriage, thoughtful and matured in his intellect, and a man of sterling and acknowledged integrity."

—In the House of Commons, just elected, there are a few very young men—Viscount Helmsley, twenty-one years old; Earl De Grey, twenty-two; the Marquis of Stafford, twenty-two; Viscount Macduff, twenty-three. In the House the Duke of Abercorn has three sons, the Duke of Devonshire two sons and a brother, the Duke of Buccleuch two sons, the Duke of Rutland two brothers, the Duke of Richmond a son and a brother, the Dukes of Northumberland, Marlborough, and Argyle each a son, and the Duke of Manchester a brother. As there are but twenty-one dukes in Great Britain, the ducal families may be said to be well represented.

—M. De Brousse, the proprietor of the *Presse*, of Paris, is to give a ball to Marshal M'Mahon at the Palais de l'Industrie, for which 40,000 invitations have been issued. His object is to encourage trade. This "encouragement" will cost about $150,000.

—Lord Lyons, it is said, will soon retire from the embassy at Paris to assume his place in the House of Lords.

—David Strauss left among his papers a direction that his grave should be closed to the tune of "O Isis and Osiris," from Mozart's *Magic Flute*, the words to be sung having been specially written by him for the occasion. The paper was not discovered till too late.

—The late Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, having been denounced by a New Hampshire temperance speaker as a habitual intemperate user of intoxicating liquors, and that his death was occasioned by his excesses, the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, his pastor and friend, says: "Governor Andrew was one of the most temperate of men. I do not believe he ever became so much as exhilarated by intoxicating liquors in his whole life. I have often been with him at dinner-parties and supper-parties where much wine was drunk. He would often taste his glass of wine, set it down, and never drink it. Any charge like that made at Concord is a base and wholly groundless falsehood."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The committees of conference appointed, the one by the General Synod of the Reformed Church in America, and the other by the Assembly of the (Southern) Presbyterian Church of the United States, to consider the desirableness of a closer union, have unanimously recommended the following scheme: (1) A delegation consisting of two ministers and two elders shall be sent annually from the General Synod to the meeting of the General Assembly, and a similar delegation from the General Assembly to the General Synod, which delegations shall "sit and deliberate through the sessions of these bodies, endeavoring especially to further all those interests in which the two Churches co-operate." (2) Vacant congregations shall be at liberty to call ministers from either Church, according to the order established in each. (3) Churches of either body are recommended to unite by transfer with Classis or Presbytery whenever they are in such locations that it will add to convenience to make such change. Students who have passed a full course of study in the theological seminaries of either Church shall be placed on an equal footing before the Presbyteries or Classes of the other. (4) The fusion of the foreign and domestic missions of the two Churches is referred to their respective missionary boards. (5) In regard to publishing, each board shall furnish the other with its publications; the two publishing houses shall act as depositories for each other.

These recommendations will be presented to the General Synod and the General Assembly at the session of each this year.

The Emperor of Germany has written a letter to Earl Russell, in which he avows his purpose not to recede from the position which he has taken of resistance to the Papacy. He considers the struggle in which he is involved to be identical with that maintained by his predecessors against Rome. We give the essential passages of the letter:

> "I thank you sincerely for this communication, and for the accompanying expression of your personal good-will. It is incumbent on me to be the leader of my people in a struggle maintained through centuries past by German Emperors of earlier days against a power the domination of which has in no country of the world been found compatible with the freedom and welfare of nations—a power which, if victorious in our days, would imperil, not in Germany alone, the blessings of the Reformation, liberty of conscience, and the authority of the law.
>
> "I accept the battle thus imposed upon me in fulfillment of my kingly duties and in firm reliance on God, to whose help we look for victory, but also in the spirit of regard for the creed of others and of evangelical forbearance which has been stamped by my forefathers on the laws and administration of my states.
>
> "The latest measures of my government do not infringe upon the Romish Church or the free exercise of their religion by her votaries; they only give to the independence of the legislation of the country some of the guarantees long possessed by other countries, and formerly possessed by Prussia, without being held by the Romish Church incompatible with the free exercise of her religion.
>
> "I was sure, and I rejoice at the proof afforded me by your letter, that the sympathies of the people of England would not fail me in this struggle—the people of England, to whom my people and my royal house are bound by the remembrance of many a past and honorable struggle maintained in common since the days of William of Orange.
>
> "I beg you to communicate this letter, with my hearty thanks, to the gentlemen who signed the resolutions, and remain, yours sincerely, Wilhelm.
>
> "Berlin, *February* 18, 1874."

As far as can be gathered from somewhat conflicting accounts, the London "missions" in the Established churches have been in the main successful. Crowd of hearers attended the daily services in Westminster Abbey. The rectors of each school carried on the meetings in their own way, so that there may be truth in the statement of an English paper: "Broad-Church clergymen have had special services, at which the usefulness of reading, writing, and arithmetic has been vindicated; Low-Church rectors have sought out the most stirring preachers, and have followed up their services by 'after-meetings,' conducted according to the most approved revival methods, with much singing and extempore prayer; while the ritualistic clergy have multiplied opportunities of communion and confession."

The women's temperance crusade in the West has not so far been very successfully imitated in the older States. Meetings are, however, held, and plans of operation earnestly discussed. The ministers of New York were called together by the National Temperance Society on Monday evening, March 9, to consider the best measures to be adopted in this city for the suppression of intemperance. About one hundred and fifty persons were present. Dr. S. Irenæus Prime was appointed chairman. Resolutions looking to a repetition here of the Ohio movement were debated, but not acted upon. It was finally decided to appoint a committee to draft resolutions, to be reported to a subsequent meeting on Thursday, March 12. At this meeting resolutions were adopted calling upon the churches, the ladies, the Legislature, and the press to unite in the suppression of intemperance.

The Ohio ladies still persevere in their philanthropic work, though, it must be confessed, in the face of increasing opposition. In Cincinnati prayer-meetings have been held in the churches. It is proposed to divide the city into districts, which will be visited by committees of ladies, with forms of pledges for landlords, druggists, doctors, and saloon-keepers. The opposition among the Germans is very decided, and counter demonstrations are threatened. Saloon-keepers have surrendered at Hillsborough, Millersburg, South Charleston, and Corwin, Ohio. At Hillsborough the whisky barrels were burned in the presence of a great crowd. At Dayton the praying ladies have been treated with rudeness, and pelted with jests, oaths, and indecent remarks. The evening meetings in the churches have, for this reason, been all the more crowded, and the crusaders appear determined to persist. Suits have been commenced throughout Ohio against liquor-sellers who are known to have violated the law. At Jeffersonville, Indiana, almost a riot was created by a saloon-keeper whose place was visited; he was, however, suppressed by the police.

In Brooklyn a committee of ladies visited a saloon, and were kindly received. The owner expressed a desire to quit the business, and opened his reading-room for a prayer-meeting. The Catholic temperance societies held a large meeting in the Academy of Music on Tuesday, March 10, and were addressed by Fathers Keegan and Friel.

Mr. Carrell Williams, secretary of the Liberation Society, estimates thus the number of members of the new Parliament in favor of disestablishment: There were 149 candidates in the late elections who were avowedly in favor of this change. Of these, ninety-seven sat in the last Parliament, and fifty-two were new men. The number of supporters of disestablishment in the last Parliament was about 100. In the new House are sixty-four of the members who voted for one or the other of Mr. Miall's motions in 1870 and 1873; nineteen new members favorable to disestablishment have been elected—making a total of eighty-three. Apparently the loss of the disestablishment party by the late elections is seventeen.

The Rev. Dr. Porteous, of the Established Church of England, who has acquired a rapid popularity as a lecturer and preacher in Brooklyn, has received notice from Bishops Potter and Littlejohn withdrawing the licenses by which he was authorized to officiate in their dioceses. Bishop Potter, in giving his reasons for so doing, says:

> "I strained a point to give you a temporary license, at the same time intimated the need of some reserve in lecturing. The first thing I hear is that you, a stranger in a foreign branch of the Church, begin with comic lectures, and preach in a non-Episcopal pulpit, a thing which, whatever some persons may choose to think or say, is a violation of our order and customs. I give these reasons, and I do not propose to discuss them now or hereafter."

In writing to Bishop Littlejohn, Dr. Porteous insists that he has not violated any canon of the Church. He says:

> "Rumors, you say, have reached you that I had declared that unless I received better treatment from the clergy of your diocese, I would either join the Presbyterians or Cummins's movement. These rumors are only rumors. I never declared any thing of the sort. I intend to remain an Episcopal clergyman. My having preached for brother clergymen of non-Episcopal denominations is not an offense. I have broken no law or disregarded any canon of the Church of England."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Normal Art School, located in Pemberton Square, Boston, has proved an entire success, and its fame has already spread far and wide. Numerous applications for admission from other States have been refused for want of accommodations. There are now about one hundred attendants, a large proportion being ladies. The instruction is divided into four departments—elementary, painting, sculpture, and architecture—and the complete course requires four years. Boston has also a Free Drawing School, with nearly two hundred students; a school devoted to instrumental drawing, designed for the mechanical classes, and regularly attended by about two hundred and fifty persons; as well as the drawing schools of the Lowell Institute, which are in a flourishing condition.

The "Jubilee Singers" have had great success across the water. They have already sent home from England $35,000, and expect to bring that amount up to $50,000 by the end of March.

Saloon-keepers of San Francisco have gracefully yielded to the movers of the temperance crusade. It is stated that they have agreed to close out selling liquors, and confine themselves to selling groceries.

The snug little sum of $500,000 is demanded from those Bostonians who desire to preserve the Old South Church as a relic.

It is not customary for the authorities of Westminster Abbey to offer a burial-place within its walls unless special application is made for it. An exception has been made to this rule, and an honored resting-place in the Abbey for the remains of Dr. Livingstone has been offered to the family friends of the lamented explorer.

From the soup-kitchens under the charge of Mr. Delmonico there were distributed one day last week 2300 gallons of soup and 3500 loaves of bread. The soup was made of beef, beans, and vegetables.

The demand for soup-houses in the city of Paris has been responded to by many prominent persons, who have made large donations.

January weather visited New York the second week of spring. The combination of March gales and January frosts is any thing but agreeable.

If newspaper reports are to be at all relied on, a genuine epidemic of trichina has been prevailing for some months past among the "porkers" of Illinois.

A big bunch of Black Hamburg grapes, weighing thirteen pounds and four ounces, was raised at Lambton Castle, the seat of the Earl of Durham, and was exhibited at Manchester, England, last September. The vine bore last year seven bunches besides the one mentioned above, the lightest weighing over four pounds. This productive vine was started from an eye in 1869.

The United States mail, and the postman who was carrying it, were recently chased by a lively panther between Burkesville and China, Tennessee.

An exchange advises ladies when they attend evening parties to "dress so that no one will remember what you don't have on."

It appears that passengers on a crowded railroad train may occupy seats in the palace car without paying extra for them if there are no other vacant seats. Such is the decision of a New York court.

The "stock" of George Washington's only watch must be nearly run out. For several years past this one watch has been on sale in a score of the principal cities of America at the same time.

New theory about the Siamese Twins—that they might have been separated by constriction of the band with a silver wire until the flesh was gradually cut through.

The Eighth Duchess of Geneva, known as the $40,000 cow, recently died at the farm of Samuel Campbell, near Utica, New York. Last September this cow was sold to an English breeder for $40,000; but the agent having exceeded his limit by about $10,000, an arrangement was made by which the sale was canceled.

At a recent sale of autographs in London a love-letter of David Garrick's brought £7 10s., a page of correspondence in the handwriting of Erasmus realized £16 10s., and a humorous note from Burns was sold for £13. A four-page musical manuscript of Bach was sold for £16, and a letter of Beethoven for £11 10s. A higher price—£22 10s.—was realized for one of Goethe's letters. Hogarth's letter accepting the membership of the Augsburg Academy brought £18 10s.; one of Mozart, £16 10s.; one of Rubens, £15 15s.; and a Tasso, £18 10s. The highest price was that given for a letter from Goldsmith to Sir Joshua Reynolds describing his miseries on the Continent—£37 10s.

The "tree pumpkin," a new species of vegetable, is announced from the Jardin d'Acclimatation at Paris. Its mode of growth, instead of being trailing, is in erect tufts, with numerous fruits of a depressed spherical shape, from five to eight inches in diameter. These are said to be of excellent quality. The chief merit of the plant is that from its mode of growth it occupies very little space in cultivation. It is a native of Buenos Ayres.

A magnificent wedding gift has been made to the Duchess of Edinburgh of a dessert service of gold plate, by officers of the Royal Navy. The service consists of a large hexagonal plateau bearing the arms of England and Russia in relief, monogram, crown, and an appropriate inscription. Each angle of the plateau is relieved by finely modeled water-nymphs, friezes, etc. The centre piece is of tripod form, and is enriched with many beautiful figures.

The proprietor of a well-known silver establishment in Philadelphia says that housekeepers ruin their silver by washing it in soap-suds, which makes it look like pewter. He recommends soft leather and whiting to be used.

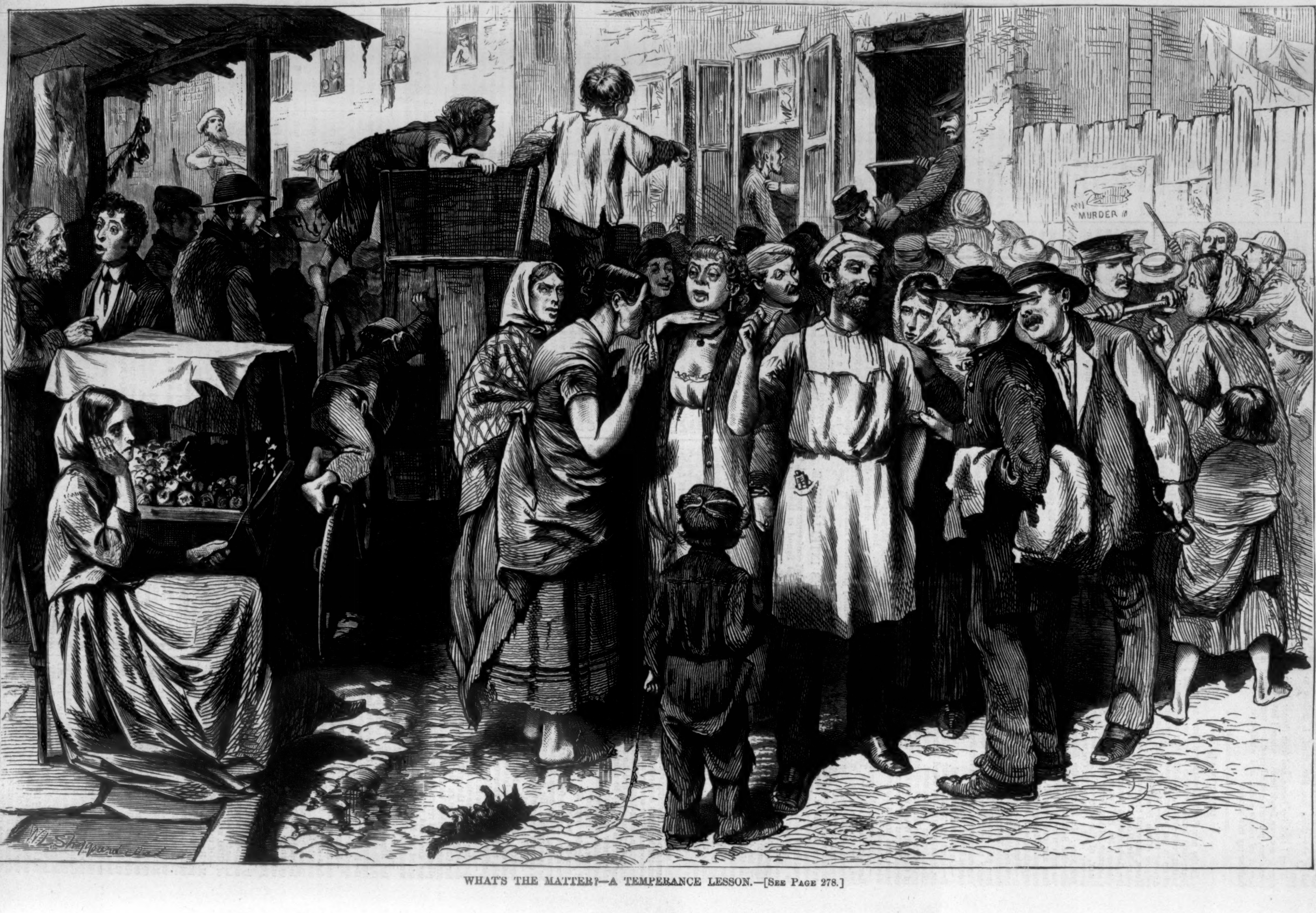
It will be remembered by all who observed the 22d of February as an out-door holiday—it being, in fact, the 23d this year—that the day in New York was oppressively warm for the season. The next day the thermometer made a sudden descent of thirty or forty degrees. It is a curious question what caused that heated atmospheric wave. Times and seasons are not much to be relied upon this year.

A curious sale took place recently in London—the sale of the clothes and jewelry of the notorious bank forgers, Macdonald and Bidwell. Their seal-skin coats brought more than £40 apiece.

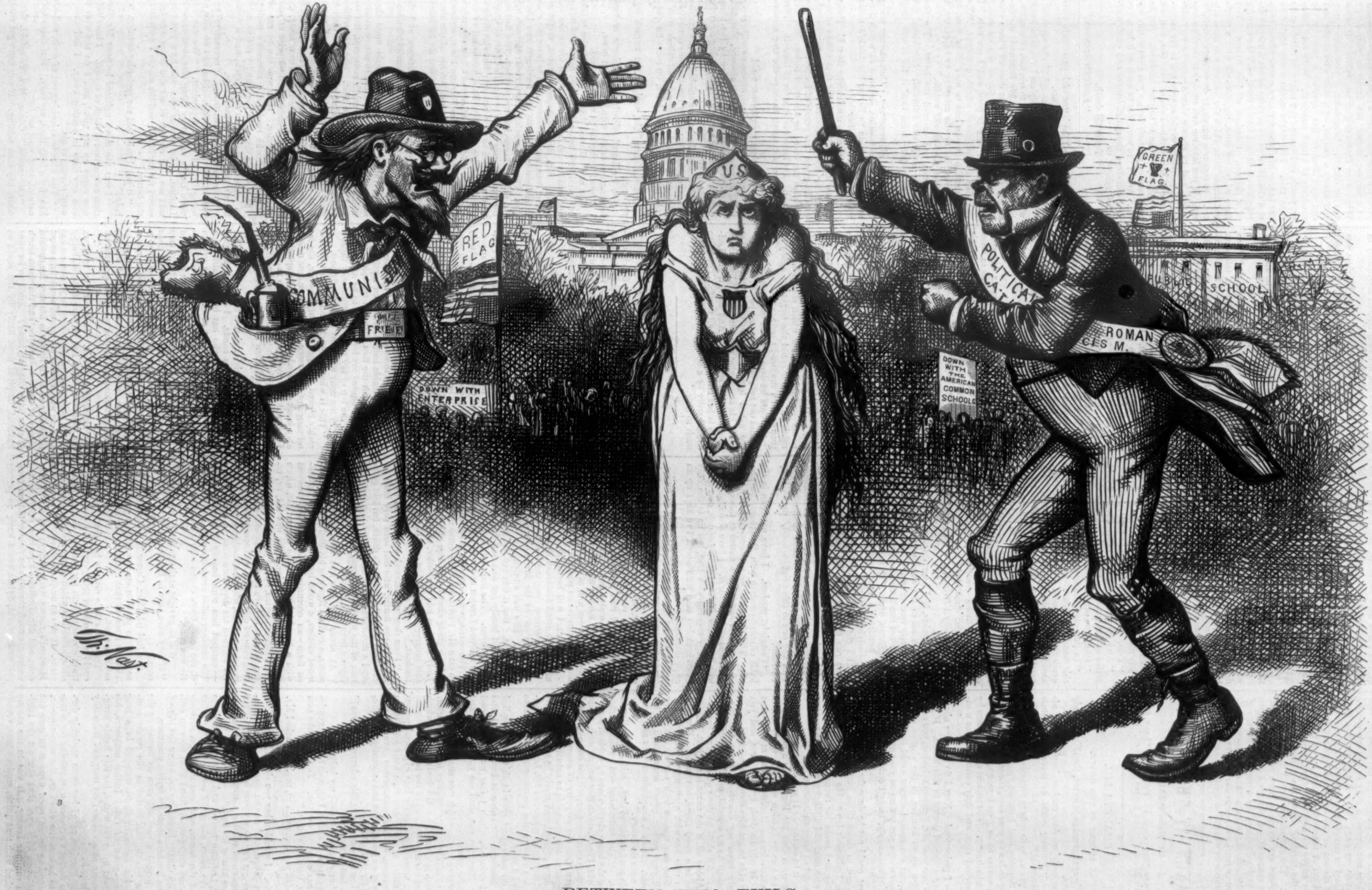
An exchange sagely remarks: "When they find a man in Washington who hasn't a plan of his own for the solution of the financial problem they drown him. No one has been drowned there yet."

Saloon-keepers in Philadelphia pretty generally closed their doors on the Sunday after the temperance movement was inaugurated in that city. But it was believed much underhand business was transacted.

It is believed that the lives of perhaps one hundred persons were saved during the recent explosion in the west shaft of the Hoosac Tunnel by the presence of mind of one of the blasters. He was carrying a can containing twenty-seven pounds of nitro-glycerine when the first explosion occurred, about fifty feet from him. Some of his companions told him to throw the can down the shaft; others shouted, "Drop it, and run!" He did neither; but realizing that if a second explosion occurred, immense damage would be caused by the consequent explosion of the nitro-glycerine, he rushed to an old building at some distance, where he put down the can, and then returned toward the scene of disaster. A second explosion occurred just as he reached the door of the machine-shop, killing a man within a few feet of him; but the dangerous can was at a safe distance.


MURDER
W. L. Sheppard del.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?—A TEMPERANCE LESSON.—[SEE PAGE 278.]


COMMUNIS
FREE
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POLITICAL CAT
ROMAN CIS M.
GREEN FLAG
SCHOOL
DOWN WITH THE AMERICAN COMMON SCHOOLS
Th: Nast.

BETWEEN TWO EVILS.

"How happy could I be with"—neither!

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

SCARCELY a day passes that the press of New York does not furnish a story to fit the powerful illustration on page 276. A murder has been committed in one of those streets where the dangerous classes of the city herd together in the lower kind of tenement-houses, and a crowd of persons eager to hear the story has collected about the building where the crime was perpetrated. The entrance is barred by a policeman, and others are trying to force back the crowd. In the centre of the picture a group of women listen to the details of the crime from the lips of one who may have been an eye-witness of it. She draws her hand across her throat to indicate the manner in which the deed was committed.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

By MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER LIII.

SECRET AS THE GRAVE.

"WE are agreed as to terms, then?" said Lady Perriam.

"Perfectly, my dear madam," replied Mr. Ledlamb. "Nothing could be more liberal than your proposal."

"Then we have only to arrange matters of detail. Suppose that I decide upon confiding my brother-in-law to your care, there would be some legal formula to be gone through, I believe."

"Undoubtedly. The patient must be seen by two medical men, and duly certificated as a lunatic."

"So I understood. Now I do not care about bringing a second doctor to this house. If you decide that poor Mr. Perriam is insane, you could take him up to London, in the charge of his nurse, and the second doctor could see him at the hotel where you put up on your arrival."

"Unquestionably, Lady Perriam, that can be done."

What could not be done for a patroness who was about to throw three hundred a year into Joseph Ledlamb's lap? He had been wearing out body and brain for twenty years of mortal strife with debt and difficulty, and had never yet compassed so large an income.

"Let it be so, then. If you can conscientiously pronounce that Mr. Perriam is a lunatic, you will take him to London with you by to-night's mail, which leaves Monkhampton at half past eight. It will be dusk by that time, and you will be able to get him away unnoticed."

"Rely upon my discretion, Lady Perriam. There shall be no scandal, no discomfort to the patient. All shall be done quietly and agreeably. Above all, if the nurse is efficient."

"She is a good nurse, but timid. You will have to rule her with a stronger will than her own. She can remain with you for a week or two, till your patient grows accustomed to his new home. Indeed, she might remain altogether if it were necessary."

"I do not apprehend that," said Mr. Ledlamb, quickly. "The restraining and soothing influences of the home circle, aided by medical supervision, will, I trust, do all that we can wish. I do not promise cure—my experience has not led me to believe that the majority of cases of mental derangement are amenable to actual cure. The brain, once affected, can rarely be restored to its normal strength," continued Mr. Ledlamb, gravely, with a view to the permanence of his three hundred a year.

"I do not expect cure in this case," replied Lady Perriam. "There is here a fixed and rooted delusion, which I fear must be beyond cure. However, you shall see your patient and judge for yourself."

She rang a bell, which was answered after an interval of about five minutes by Mrs. Carter. She had to come from Mordred's rooms, which were at the opposite end of the house.

The nurse's pale, grave face expressed poignant anxiety as she looked from Lady Perriam to the stranger, but her countenance gave no indication of surprise. She had evidently been prepared for this interview.

"How is your patient this afternoon, nurse?" asked Lady Perriam.

"Pretty much as usual, my lady."

"Still full of fancies, I suppose? This gentleman has come to see him. You can take him to Mr. Perriam's room."

"Will you come with us, madam?" asked Mr. Ledlamb.

"No. I would rather you should form an unbiased judgment," replied Sylvia. "My presence might agitate my poor brother-in-law. He is accustomed to Mrs. Carter, and with her you will see him at his best."

Mr. Ledlamb bowed, and followed the nurse from the room, along the corridor, to the other end of the house, and into the large, shabbily furnished sitting-room, lined from floor to ceiling with dingily bound books, where the last of the two brothers spent his joyless existence.

He looked a very old man as he sat by the fireless hearth, half buried in the roomy arm-chair, his shrunken limbs wrapped in a long dressing-gown of faded Indian cashmere, his head bent upon his breast, his idle hands hanging loosely at his sides: an image of imbecility—or despair.

Lady Perriam paced her room restlessly during the doctor's absence, now pausing for a moment to look at the clock on the mantel-piece, now stopping by an open window to gaze out into distance with eyes that saw not the landscape's summer beauty. It was to the avenue she looked with that quick, anxious gaze, dreading to see Mr. Bain's neat dog-cart advancing between the double range of trees. He had been at The Place only yesterday, and there was no reason why he should come to-day, except the one fact that his coming to-day would be fatal.

Mr. Ledlamb's absence seemed a great deal longer than it need have been. She looked at the door every now and then, eagerly expecting his return.

"This is the crisis of my fate," she thought. "If all goes well now, my future is safe."

Mr. Ledlamb returned, and approached her with a grave and sympathetic countenance.

"Alas, dear lady, your fears were but too well founded," he began: "there is incurable derangement. Your unhappy brother-in-law is not in a condition to be left without medical restraint. There is a rooted delusion—a mistaken sense of identity, which is somewhat curious in its nature, and to the scientific mind eminently interesting—"

"Do not go into details," interposed Lady Perriam; "the subject is too painful. Do you pronounce my poor brother-in-law actually out of his mind?"

"I do. Without a moment's hesitation."

"And do you think any other doctor would arrive at the same conclusion?"

"I have no doubt of it."

"In that case, the sooner he is removed from this house the better. I told Mrs. Carter to have every thing prepared for an immediate journey, should you decide as you have decided. My carriage can take you, your patient, and his nurse to the railway station. And now, Mr. Ledlamb, there only remains one question to be settled between us. Can I rely upon your discretion—upon your keeping the secret of Mr. Perriam's melancholy state—the nature of his delusion, from every living creature, except those who have to attend upon him?"

"Yes, Lady Perriam, you may trust me implicitly."

"Remember, if I hear that you have broken faith with me in the smallest particular, I shall immediately remove your patient."

"I do not fear such a contingency," answered Mr. Ledlamb, firmly. Was he likely to hazard three hundred a year, competence, wealth, by any ill-advised prating?

"I'd cut Mrs. Ledlamb's tongue out sooner than run the risk of losing such a patient," he said to himself.

"And you will leave for London without seeing any one whom you may know in Monkhampton; you will avoid all future communication with any one in this neighborhood," urged Lady Perriam.

"Certainly, madam. I have not been in the habit of corresponding with Monkhampton people. The place was by no means a lucky place to me, and though I am a native of this county, I have no affection for it. I have sometimes met with Mr. Bain, the lawyer, in London, and spent a friendly evening with him, but he is the only Monkhampton man with whom I've kept up an acquaintance."

"It will be best to avoid Mr. Bain in future. He is my agent, and it was he who recommended you to me. I shall tell him that Mr. Perriam is in your care, but I distinctly forbid you ever to let him see your patient, should he come to your house for that purpose. He was raised to a position of undue power by my late husband, and he is too fond of interfering with my affairs. Should you see him at any time, you will be as uncommunicative as possible."

"Madam, I will be dumb. And I shall do my best to avoid Shadrach Bain."

Lady Perriam rang the bell, and ordered dinner to be served for Mr. Ledlamb as soon as possible. She was anxious for the hour of his departure. But it was not yet five o'clock, and she could hardly get him and his patient away before seven. The train left at half past eight, and reached London at one in the morning.

The carriage was ordered to be ready at seven to take Mr. Perriam and his nurse to the station. "He is going away for change of air and scene," Lady Perriam told the butler, to whom she gave this order—"going in the care of a medical attendant."

"Poor dear gentleman! he do seem to want it," said the butler, who had seen very little of Mordred since the baronet's death, but had gathered a melancholy idea of his condition from the talk of the women-servants, who had their intelligence from Mrs. Carter.

At seven Mr. Perriam was brought down stairs, a curious figure in his ill-fitting, old-fashioned clothes, a world too wide for that shrunken form—an eccentric-looking figure, crowned with a broad-brimmed white beaver hat, which almost extinguished him. He was led, or, indeed, almost carried, by the doctor and the nurse, and seemed to have barely sufficient strength to drag himself down stairs, and across the hall, and into the carriage, with that double support. Sylvia watched his departure from an open gallery—watched him with heavily throbbing heart. The carriage rolled away upon the smooth gravel, the heavy doors closed with a sonorous bang. He was gone.

"Will all go right at the station?" she thought. "If they were only in London, I should feel secure."

She had told Mrs. Carter to telegraph to her as early as possible on the following morning. Till she received that telegram she could know nothing more.

There was little rest for her that night. She could not keep her thoughts from following those travelers, or prevent her fancy conjuring up possible difficulties which might arise to thwart her plans. It was an unspeakable relief to know that Mordred's rooms were empty; yet till all was over, and Mr. Ledlamb's patient safely settled under his roof, there to be forever hidden from the outer world, Sylvia could know no perfect rest. Her slumbers that night were of the briefest, and her dreams made hideous by horrible images. Death and madness figured alternately in those confused visions.

The telegram arrived while Lady Perriam was seated before an untasted breakfast. It brought relief and satisfaction to her mind.

"Mrs. Carter, Paddington,
to Lady Perriam, Perriam Place,
near Monkhampton.

"Arrived in London safely. Put up at Jones's private hotel, Paddington. Met with no difficulty during journey."

This was all, but it was sufficient to lighten Lady Perriam's anxieties. The next telegram would be from Mr. Ledlamb to tell her the result of his patient's interview with the second doctor, whose opinion was to settle the fact of Mr. Perriam's lunacy.

Sylvia's next anxiety was the expected letter from Edmund Standen. If he wrote on the first stage of his journey, the letter ought to reach her by that afternoon's post. In the mean while she was in the dark as to his intentions. Did he intend to forsake her, after swearing that it was she alone whom he loved? Could he be so mad as to fly from love, fortune, happiness? Or was his departure only designed to soften the blow to Esther Rochdale, to make the breaking of their engagement easier for both?

This was the view which Sylvia took of his conduct, and she waited with intense impatience for the letter which was to justify her hopes.

The telegram from Mr. Ledlamb came at three o'clock in the afternoon.

"Dr. Dervish, of Bluhenden Square, has seen the patient, and confirms my opinion as to mental derangement. Certificates and all preliminaries arranged. The patient accompanies me to The Arbor this afternoon, with Mrs. Carter."

That was all. How easily the business had been done!

There was an hour still to wait for the afternoon post, which came to Perriam at four—a weary hour in which to suffer that heart-sickness of hope deferred. And Sylvia dreaded a visit from Mr. Bain ere that afternoon was over. Was he likely to give her a long respite? Would he not be impatient to have his audacious question answered?

She thought of his wooing with mingled bitterness and contempt, but not without a thrill of fear. His manner had implied some hidden power—a hold upon her which she trembled to think of. Never could she forget the agony of that hour on the sun-lit terrace.

"Would he dare to make me such an offer if he did not believe he has some power over me?" she asked herself, meditatively. "Yet what could his knowledge amount to? What can he know, or even suspect? And now, if Mr. Ledlamb is but faithful to me, all is safe. The grave could hardly be a better hiding-place for what I want to hide."

CHAPTER LIV.

THE MASTER PASSION.

THE afternoon wore away, and, to Sylvia's supreme relief, Mr. Bain did not appear to claim her answer to his proposal. The four-o'clock post brought her Edmund's promised letter, posted from Antwerp. It was a long letter, and when Sylvia first looked at it the closely written lines swam before her eyes.

"HOTEL PETER PAUL, ANTWERP.

"DEAR LADY PERRIAM,—When I consented to that fatal meeting of the other night, I did so strong in the belief that I had steeled myself against a fascination which once had such complete power over me. I came to meet you prepared to be your friend or your counselor, should you need friendship or counsel, but resolved never again to be your lover. On that point I believed myself firm as a rock. You had done me the deepest wrong that it is possible for a woman to inflict upon the man who loves her. You had blighted the fairest years of my life. I might forgive you for all I had suffered, blot out the remembrance of those years; but I must be weak indeed, despicable indeed, if I threw myself once again beneath the foot that had trampled upon me—if I offered my love again to be again fooled to the top of my bent, and ruthlessly thrown over in the hour when my faith was firmest.

"This is what I thought and believed when I rashly braved the spell of your presence, the fatal magic of your voice. You know how miserably weak I proved in the hour of temptation. I did not know myself when I came to that meeting in Perriam church-yard. I know myself only too well now, and know that I am your slave forever.

"And now, Sylvia, what is to be my fate? I place my lot in your hands. I am a despicable, dishonored wretch, who has broken faith with one of the best and purest of women—a woman whom to know is to honor, for whom love goes hand in hand with reverence. I have fled from the scene of my own ignominy, not daring to face those pure penetrating eyes whose truthful gaze would look into my very soul; still less able to endure the pardon which I know would be mine, though my folly and falsehood may go near to break that faithful heart. I have fled, leaving Esther Rochdale to despise me as the meanest of men.

"Pronounce, Sylvia. It is for you to speak my sentence. Am I to be your husband, happy in the possession of one whose very presence has a magic which steals my senses, and brings sweet forgetfulness of all things in life save the upward glance of those divine eyes, and the warm touch of that little clinging hand? Am I to be your husband, despised most likely by the world as the man who was not too proud to marry the girl who jilted him, and even to profit by the perfidy which made her a rich woman—despised as a fortune-hunter, but happy in your love? What is my future to give me, Sylvia? It is for you to decide. Remember, if you marry me, you marry a pauper, or a man who at the best can earn four or five hundred a year by the drudgery of a bank manager. With your beauty, youth, and wealth, you might do much better than this. You might mount a step higher on the ladder of fortune, marry a man whose position should be twice as great as Sir Aubrey Perriam's—circle that lovely brow with the coronet of a peeress. Consider all this, Sylvia. You have fooled me once, beguiled me with a pleasant dream from which the waking was most bitter. In common humanity do not again deceive me. If you love me well enough to sacrifice ambition, and to endure slander—for be very sure such a marriage would expose you to the malevolence of the world—I am at your feet, and ask no higher joy than to be your husband. But be very sure of yourself before you answer this letter. And if the word Yes be said, let it be a Yes that will stand though all heaven and earth combined against us.

"Yours till death,
"EDMUND STANDEN."

Sylvia covered the letter with passionate kisses, kisses mingled with tears.

"If I love him well enough!" she repeated. "If I love him! God help me! could he know what I have gone through to win him once again, he would not talk of ifs. My Edmund! my beloved! mine at last! What does all I have ever suffered count against the joy of this moment? My Edmund! He is poor, and I am rich. I can give him happiness, wealth, grandeur. Who shall dare to despise him or me? Now, now, at last, I shall know the meaning of happiness, I shall know the value of wealth."

She read and re-read the letter. For the nonce the letter was Edmund. She kissed the senseless paper—cried over it till it was limp with tears.

It was not all sweetness. One passage stung her to the quick—that sentence in which Edmund paid tribute to Esther Rochdale's noble nature: that was bitter

"He thinks her so much better than I! There is not a word in all the letter that speaks of respect for me, confidence in me," she reflected, brooding over that praise of Esther. "But then he loves me best; he has tried to love her, and failed. He loves me in spite of himself. That is the love best worth having—the true master-passion."

Lady Perriam rang for her maid.

"Pack a couple of portmanteaus with every thing necessary for a month's absence," she said, "and get yourself ready to leave by the nine-o'clock train this evening. I am going away for change of air."

The woman looked astonished at the sudden announcement, but Lady Perriam was not a communicative mistress, and gave all orders with a cold imperiousness which left no room for question.

"Stop, Céline," she said, as the woman was retiring.

She meditated silently for a minute or two, looking downward with a troubled brow.

"Send Tringfold to me," she said.

She had reflected that it would be wise to take her child with her, even though nurse and infant and maid would be incumbrances where she was going. Mr. Bain, outraged, cheated, might attempt some act of revenge, and to leave the child in his power would be like leaving it in a lion's den. The child was her strong rock: through him she enjoyed house, income, position. She had but the vaguest idea of the power the Court of Chancery possessed to rule her life; but she thought it just possible that Mr. Bain, possessed of the child, and aided by the Court of Chancery, might be able to oust her from Perriam Place, separate her from her infant son, and rob her of the liberal allowance the court had awarded for his maintenance.

She was going straight to Antwerp, and she hoped to return to Perriam as Edmund Standen's wife.

Sir Aubrey had been dead little more than six months. Sylvia knew that to marry so soon would be to have the world's contempt, but she was prepared to endure that. She was willing to be slandered, ridiculed even, rather than to give Edmund time to change his mind, to repent, and return to Esther Rochdale.

Mrs. Tringfold came presently, and she, not so well trained as Lady Perriam's own maid, did not fail to express unbounded surprise at such a sudden departure. How was she to get Sir St. John's frocks ready at a moment's notice? There were a dozen in the laundry not so much as ironed, rolled up in the starch, and it would be two days' work to iron them.

"He can go without frocks, if necessary," answered Sylvia, decisively. She had no idea of being balked by a dependent. "We can buy more frocks and every thing else to-morrow in London. The doctor who was here yesterday told me that change of air and scene was necessary for my health, and the sooner I went away the better."

"If you'd only told me yesterday evening, my lady!"

"I was too much agitated by poor Mr. Perriam's departure to think of myself. I have only now made up my mind, and I do not wish to lose any time in getting away. I feel that I want change of air."

"You have been looking out of sorts, and low like, for a long time, my lady. But that's only natural, after your sad loss."

"Of course. Come, Mrs. Tringfold, don't waste any time talking. If you can't get ready to go with baby, Céline must take him. I am determined not to lose the nine-o'clock train."

"Let him go without me!—that dear, blessed child, that's more to me than any of my own ever was, though I've brought up five, strong and healthy, too, as your ladyship knows! I wouldn't leave him for the world. It 'll be a dreadful drive; but I'll get ready somehow, if I work myself into a fever."

"There need be no fever," answered Lady Perriam, calmly, though inward fever burned in her breast. "You can have plenty of help. There is a houseful of servants doing nothing."

"The boxes shall be packed, my lady, and I'll take the frocks in the starch, and iron them myself when we get to our destination."

"Be ready at eight o'clock. I shall not wait for you."

Sylvia had something to do herself before her departure. She had to write a letter to Mr. Bain—a letter which should, if possible, soften the edge of his disappointment, and conciliate the man who had so much power, either as her ally or her adversary.

The composition of that letter was almost the hardest work Sylvia Perriam had ever had to do, and the task occupied some time. After three or four attempts, resulting in failure, she wrote the following:

"Dear Mr. Bain,—I have given serious and careful consideration to the proposal you did me the honor to make me the day before yesterday, and much thought has resulted in the conviction that I can only reply to that flattering proposition in the negative.

"I respect your force of character, admire your capacity for business, and that mental power which, I do not doubt, would have made you great or distinguished in almost any walk of life; but I can not give you the affection you ask for, and I will show my confidence in your generosity, and my belief in your honor, by telling you why I can not do so.

"You are doubtless aware that before I married Sir Aubrey I was engaged to Mr. Standen. That engagement was broken at my father's bidding, at the hazard of breaking my heart, because he was too proud to permit my marriage with a man whose mother was so strongly averse to such a union. I yielded to my father's wishes, and married Sir Aubrey, whose goodness had inspired me with deepest gratitude, whom I respected and revered, but to whom I could not give the love which had already been given to Edmund Standen. Sir Aubrey was too generous to claim such a love from me. He recognized the disparity of our years, and was content to receive my reverence and obedience. That old love was buried, but not dead. No thought of Edmund Standen ever came between me and my duty to my husband. But now that I am once more free, memory is re-awakened, and I know that my first lover is still master of my heart. With this knowledge I should do you the deepest wrong were I to offer encouragement to your hopes. Be assured of my confidence, my regard; remain my friend, my counselor; retain all the power you have ever enjoyed at Perriam; be the adviser of my son's youth, the protector and manager of his wealth; and be assured through all, and under all circumstances, of my unchanging gratitude and undeviating regard.

"Ever faithfully yours,
"Sylvia Perriam.

"P.S.—I find it necessary, rather suddenly, to take decisive measures with regard to Mr. Perriam. I have taken your advice, and placed him in your friend's care."

Sylvia read this letter carefully before sealing it. It seemed to her a triumph of ingenuity. If any thing could appease Mr. Bain's wrath, soften the pangs of disappointed ambition, surely this letter would do it. She left it to be delivered after her departure. She trembled at the thought that even yet Shadrach Bain might make his appearance before she had started. She had her own preparations still to make—money, papers, and jewels to collect and pack safely for the journey. She had not said a word about leaving Perriam Place in the letter to Mr. Bain. It would be time enough for him to make the discovery when he came there and found her gone.

Eight o'clock came at last—an hour as impatiently longed for as it had been last night. Lady Perriam, nurse, and infant entered the chariot; a cart was loaded with portmanteaus and traveling-bags; Céline took her place beside the driver of this inferior vehicle, the swift wheels rolled along the avenue, and Sylvia had started on the first stage of her journey to Antwerp.

The party stopped that night at a monster hotel in Paddington, where Lady Perriam courted sleep in one of the most expensive bedrooms of the house, a desert waste of polished walnut-wood and dark green damask. To-morrow night she would be tossing on the sea, or steaming swiftly up the Scheldt, in the *Baron Osy* or some sister boat.

The Antwerp steamer left St. Katherine's Wharf at noon next day. Lady Perriam, to whom slumber had come but by briefest snatches, was astir early. She breakfasted with her boy and the nurse, and was unusually gracious to Mrs. Tringfold, whom she thought it might be well to conciliate.

"I haven't so much as heard you say where we are going to, my lady," said Mrs. Tringfold, emboldened by this condescension; "and it's rather wearing to the mind to feel one's self traveling and not know what one's coming to."

"Didn't I tell you, Tringfold?" exclaimed Sylvia, with an innocent, wondering look. "How odd that I should forget it! We are going to Antwerp, on the first stage of our journey up the Rhine."

Mrs. Tringfold looked insufficiently enlightened. "Antwerp," she repeated; "might that be any wheres in the Highlands, my lady? I know Scotch traveling is all the rage with the aristocracy."

Lady Perriam explained that Antwerp was not in North Britain. Mrs. Tringfold was grateful for the explanation, but expressed some horror at the idea of going among nasty, dirty Frenchmen.

Lady Perriam made good use of the interval between breakfast and half past ten o'clock, at which hour the fly was ordered to convey the travelers to St. Katherine's Wharf. She went in a cab to a central telegraph station, and sent the following telegram to Edmund Standen, at the Hotel Peter Paul, Antwerp.

"*Yes, a thousand times yes! I am on my way to Antwerp, and shall answer all questions for myself.*"

This done, Lady Perriam drove to Jager Street, Bloomsbury, where she was fortunate enough to find Mr. Ledlamb just arriving from his country retreat, whence an early train had brought him to his surgery.

That gentleman looked not a little surprised at the appearance of his patroness.

"Are you about to honor us with a visit to The Arbor, Lady Perriam?" he asked, rather anxiously.

"Not just yet, Mr. Ledlamb. I am on my way to the Continent for a little change and rest. On my return I shall come to see your patient, and hope to find that he does honor to your care. I thought while in London I might as well call here and ascertain from your own lips that all is well."

"Nothing could be better," answered Mr. Ledlamb, glibly. "Our poor patient has been somewhat sullen and querulous; but on the whole we have got on charmingly. Mrs. Carter, the nurse, has been of some service in soothing him. He has a curious fancy about her, and sometimes—"

"My dear Mr. Ledlamb, I have begged you not to torture me with details. So you found Mrs. Carter useful? It has occurred to me that as the patient likes her, it might be as well to retain her services for some time to come."

Mr. Ledlamb's countenance fell somewhat at this suggestion.

"I should, of course, make an allowance for her maintenance—say fifty pounds a year."

Mr. Ledlamb brightened visibly, then looked thoughtfully—finally brightened again.

"It might be so arranged, Lady Perriam, if you desire it. It is somewhat against my rule to receive any patient's former attendant. I prefer attendants of my own choosing. But in this case I will strain a point. Mrs. Carter shall stay with us—she shall share the tranquil repose of our secluded home."

"I have been thinking that you might be glad of a payment on account, Mr. Ledlamb."

"That is very considerate of you, Lady Perriam. I admit that some small advance would not be unwelcome."

Sylvia gave him a hundred pounds in notes, which she had prepared for that purpose, and took his receipt for the amount in a thoroughly business-like manner.

Two hours afterward she was standing on the deck of the Antwerp steamer, watching the low shores of Essex glide slowly by, and dreaming of a happy future.

Not a thought of the lunatic in his strange abode—home in name, in reality a prison—no regret for the mother whom she had condemned to share his dismal doom, stole like a dark and menacing shadow across Sylvia Perriam's sun-lit day-dreams. She was a woman who lived for herself, whose fears, hopes, desires, ever tended toward one perpetual centre.

She was hastening to meet her lover, and she was happy.

[to be continued.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Schott, of the Coast Survey, has made an examination of the secular changes in the magnetic elements, based on all the observations taken at Washington since 1790. He finds that the magnetic declination varies in a periodical manner, such as will cause it to return to its present value in about two hundred and forty years. The dip of the needle is now slowly diminishing, and has continued to do so since 1840, its annual change being very nearly uniform. The total magnetic force is very slowly increasing, although at present it is sensibly nearly stationary; it reached its minimum about twenty-two years ago, and, after having increased until the present time, is probably now about to diminish. The hypothesis that the observed secular changes are the effect of thermal changes in the earth's crust, manifesting themselves as a disturbance in the distribution of terrestrial magnetism, seems to the author a plausible one. These thermal changes must be considered to have a slow rate, but operating on a vast scale, explaining the similarity of secular change extending over thousands of miles, and going on, perhaps, for hundreds of years. They appear to be of a mixed, progressive, and periodic character. Thus the influence which produced the increase of the magnetic west declination on our Atlantic coast was first recognized in the Northeast, extending itself in time toward the Southwest.

Messrs. Scott and Galloway have made a careful comparison of the weather records for the year 1871 with the records of fire-damp in the coal mines of Great Britain. From nearly 300 such explosions during that year they have derived the following general conclusions:

They find that out of 207 explosions 113 were due to the state of the barometer, 39 to the temperature, and 55 not accounted for by either of these agencies. If the barometric curve, after having remained about the same height for several days, descend half an inch or an inch during the next two or three days, fire-damp may be expected in greater quantity than usual. As the curve of temperature rises to fifty-five degrees and upward, the ventilating power should be increased at the same time, and the higher the temperature the greater is the necessity for such increase, in order to prevent, if possible, stagnation of the ventilating current. If a sudden great fall of the barometer take place—say, an inch in twenty-four hours—or a further fall after it has been unusually low for a day or two, the utmost care will be necessary to guard against explosions, more especially if a rise of temperature accompany the fall of the barometer.

In conclusion, the opinion is expressed that the majority of the explosions can be prevented by good ventilation. Fire-damp would be almost unknown in many mines with a plentiful unvarying supply of air introduced and properly distributed. The observations indicate that, in order to confine the chances of explosions within the narrowest limits, it will be necessary to introduce an instrument that shall keep a constant record of the whole ventilating power employed, natural and artificial.

Lieutenant Saxby, who predicted the great gale in the Bay of Fundy in 1869, and which is hence known in the Provinces as the "Saxby gale," is again out with one of his dire forecasts, in which he warns us of a similar gale and accompanying high tide on the 20th of March, likely to do much damage should the wind be southerly. He says he does not reveal this to "excite curiosity, but to give time for the necessary precautions." "The warning" applies, according to Lieutenant Saxby, to the whole world, "but chiefly to the northern hemisphere." Another high tide is promised for the 18th of April, on which day we are told that Neptune will be in conjunction with the sun.

The Australian newspapers have had much to say about a cure for diphtheria, as discovered by Mr. Greathead, the secret of which was offered to the government at a large price, and which was subsequently found to consist in the administration of four drops of sulphuric acid in half a glass of water. This causes vomiting, accompanied by the breaking away of the diphtheritic matter which produces the suffocation. As the disease is very prevalent in Australia, the government has offered a reward of £5000 for an absolute cure, and Mr. Greathead is quite confident of securing this, since he claims that in nearly every instance he has been successful in the application of his remedy.

Among the finer articles used in the prosecution of deep-sea researches is an ingenious instrument invented by Professor Jacobsen for the extraction of the gases from sea-water, and their transfer to appropriate receptacles without loss. The usual apparatus for this purpose, as heretofore adopted by Professor Wyville Thomson and others, is not considered satisfactory, the gas escaping in large quantity when the water is brought to the surface, in consequence of the reduced pressure.

Shortly before the *Challenger* left England Jacobsen's apparatus, which is somewhat complicated, was supplied for her service, and since that time two sets have been obtained from the maker for the use of the United States Navy Department and the United States Coast Survey. In connection with this apparatus Mr. J. Y. Buchanan, the chemist of the *Challenger*, has devised a convenient process of analyzing the gases on shipboard, the principal desideratum being freedom from the necessity of using a mercurial trough. In the January number of the Edinburgh *Philosophical Magazine* is a description of this apparatus, which is said to accomplish its object satisfactorily. The apparatus of Jacobsen is figured in Vol. 167 of Liebig's *Annalen*.

The Fish Commissioners of Maine have just published their annual report for 1873, in which they give a gratifying account of the success of the measures prosecuted by them during the year for the purpose of restoring the supply of fish to the streams and lakes of the State. Their labors have consisted in ordering the erection of fish-ways for the ascent of anadromous fish, and in the propagation and introduction into the waters of large numbers of salmon and shad.

The Commissioners chronicle a very large increase in the number of salmon on the whole northern coast, these making their appearance again in many localities where they had been considered extinct. This is supposed to be due in great part to the judicious measures adopted by the Commissioners.

A considerable part of the report of the Commission is occupied by suggestions in reference to the lobster fisheries of the State, the fact of a very alarming decrease having taken place within the last ten years being clearly shown, resulting in the transfer of the canning interest to a considerable degree to the British Provinces. The co-operation of Massachusetts and of the Dominion in the passage of a uniform law is invited for the purpose of protecting this crustacean from excessive destruction.

An article by Mr. Sidney J. Smith on the natural history of the lobster is included in this portion of the report.

A report has recently been made by the Surgeon-General of the army upon yellow fever in the United States in 1873, which shows its origin, progress, and cessation at various Southern points, such as Fort Jefferson, Key West, Fort Barrancas, Camp Dallas, and Mobile.

A recent California journal states that a Chinaman, while attempting to secure a large abalone (a well-known saucer-shaped shell of the genus *Haliotis*), was held fast, by its contraction, to the rock to which it was attached, until he perished by being ingulfed by the incoming tide.

According to Mr. Moseley, botanist of the *Challenger*, about one hundred and sixty species of flowering plants were gathered by him on the islands of the Bermudas, of which only one hundred are certainly native, those from the West Indies having probably been brought by the Gulf Stream or by cyclones. Seventy-one of the species belong to the Old World, while two are plants hitherto known only as confined to single localities in the United States.

A system of optical telegraphy, somewhat like that devised in France and Italy, has been announced by Mr. Gustin, of Troy, who uses an instrument like a head-light to a locomotive, with a shield that fits over and shuts off the light. The operator sits behind, and an attachment, worked by the hand, lifts the shield, throwing forward the flash of light. A single flash stands for a dot, and a prolonged one means a dash. While the French and Italian systems have given very gratifying results, although not specially adapted for use in the field, Mr. Gustin's method, on the other hand, is designed especially for use at a moment's notice. Some objections have been made against it by the authorities at Washington, but the inventor thinks these have but slight foundation.

Among the wild animals lately collected in the Rocky Mountains for the Zoological Garden in Philadelphia, through the agency of General Brisbin, are the following: one grizzly bear, three black bears, three brown bears, one cinnamon bear, two silver-gray foxes, one cross fox, one moose, one black-tailed deer, one Canada lynx, and one coyote. The remaining animals especially desired are two more grizzlies, five antelopes, five Rocky Mountain sheep, six black-tailed deer, four buffaloes, and fifteen beavers.

A communication has lately been made to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, by Mr. Alph. Milne-Edwards, upon the relations existing between the color of certain birds and their geographical distribution, having special reference to the fauna of Polynesia. His inquiries have embraced not only researches into the absolute fact of melanism in the way of black plumage, but also the degree to which this influence has modified the true colors. Referring to the fact that birds with black plumage are found, in all parts of the globe, in certain families of wide geographical extent, he states that melanism is exhibited decidedly only in the southern hemisphere, and especially in the portion embracing New Zealand, Papouasie, Madagascar, and intermediate regions. Thus, in the swans, all the species of the northern hemisphere are white; in New Holland, however, there is a species that is entirely black, while in Chili and elsewhere in South America we have the Coscoroba swan, entirely white, with some of the quills black, differing in this respect alone from the allied species in China.

Again, in speaking of the black parrots, Professor Milne-Edwards remarks that none of these are to be found black in America or Asia, nor in Africa excepting along the borders of the Mozambique Channel, though they are not rare in the more southern regions included in the limits mentioned, some of them being entirely black, and others with a gloss of this color, such as to obscure the other tints.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A drunken Irishman was found by his friends the other night lying in the snow, with his heels upon the fence, warming his toes by the moonlight. He was muttering, "What a cowld fire you have got, Biddy darlin'! Have on some carrysane, or my futs will fraze."

"What do you feed to your pig?" asked a neighbor of a Manayunker, who bought such an animal last November. "Corn," he said. "Do you feed it in the ear?" "Do you think I am a fool?" said the Manayunker, sarcastically.

Tom Hood thus testifies to the value of an ear-trumpet:

"It's not the thing for me—I know it—
To crack my own ear-trumpet up and blow it;
But it is best, and time will show it.
There was Mrs. F.,
So very deaf,
That she might have worn a percussion-cap,
And been knocked on the head without hearing it snap.
Well, I sold her a horn, and the very next day
She heard from her husband at Botany Bay!"

The "Bump of Destructiveness"—A railway collision.

A little boy was playing with a couple of five-cent pieces the other evening, which a friend had given him, and putting his finger on one of them said, "This one I am going to give to the heathen." He kept on playing, till at last one of the pieces rolled away, and he could not find it. "Which one have you lost?" "The one I was going to give to the heathen," replied the cherub.

A Problem for Milkmen.—If twenty-seven inches of snow give three inches of water, how much milk will a cow give when fed upon turnips? Multiply the flakes by the hairs on the cow's tail, then divide the product by a turnip, add a pound of chalk, multiply the whole by the pump, and the total will be the answer.

Why are policemen never run over?—Because they are never in the way.

There is nothing funnier in cockney vernacular than Jeames's letter, when he is in doubt which to prefer of his two lady-loves, Mary Hann and Hangelina. He writes: "There they stood together, them two young women. I don't know which is the 'andsomest. I coodn help comparing them; and I coodn help comparing myself to a certain Hannimle I've read of, that found it difficklt to make a choice betwigst 2 Bundles of A."

"What," asked Margarita of Cecilia—"what, dearest, do you think is really the food of Cupid?" And Cecilia answered, "Arrow-root."

It rained—hopelessly. The clouds came down in sheets and sluices. Monsieur De H——, an elegant "of the first water," found this second water too wet for him. He was islanded under another man's portico, and not a hackney-coach or an umbrella within screaming at. Suddenly around the corner comes a plain citizen, housed under a protecting canopy of blue cotton and whalebone, but, under this enviable umbrella, walking alone. A thought seizes Monsieur De H——. He rushes to the citizen's side, and seizing him affectionately by the arm, commences eager narration of a touching train of events. Not giving his astonished listener time to respond, he hurries him along, sharing his umbrella, of course, as he goes, and clinging closely to his side, and vociferating the confidential communications till they arrive at the Boulevard. He stops at a *café*, and then, for the first time apparently, takes a surprised look at the face of his umbrella-lender. Overwhelming apologies—had wholly mistaken the person—thought it was his intimate friend—begs ten thousand pardons—and dodges into the safe inside of the coffee-house. But the fun was to be in the telling of the story. To a convulsed circle of delighted fellow-dandies Monsieur De H—— was telling his adventure, when, by chance, placing his hand upon his heart, he missed the usual protuberance in his vest pocket. The valuable gold watch was gone! In his close clinging to the apparently plain citizen the gay joker had hugged a pickpocket, and—"consequence was!" But he was subsequently fonder of "a dry joke" than a wet one!

RUSSIAN WASHER-WOMEN.

"I never was so cold," writes the artist, "as when I made this sketch. I made it in a cold place, a hut of planks built upon the Moskwa—I can not say to shelter the washer-women at their work. It had four doors cut in it in the middle of the four sides, so that the wind might career through it conveniently in thorough draughts. The thermometer stood at 15° Réaumur of cold. Two trenches a couple of yards wide were sawn in the ice parallel to the length of the hut. The ice was about two feet thick—not so thick as it is at St. Petersburg. The water looked yellow, and was only kept from freezing by being whipped furiously with the linen of the washer-women. They brought their things down in picturesque little sledges hung with icicles. They then set to work to tuck up their pelisses, which they did in the most nonchalant manner (but I was not supposed to be there); they took off their gloves and felt boots—those who wore them; those who had top-boots were well protected, but the white stockings looked fearfully cold, so did the bare red hands. My own at sketching were painful enough, but theirs, dipped for half an hour in that frozen river, with a cuff of ice round the wrist, how did they feel? There were one or two men among the women washing too, and one or two more lounging, but these were waiting until the basket was filled again, and ready on the sledge to drag it up the hill. No soap was used; the linen was only plunged and splashed in the water, and afterward beaten with a kind of fives' bat, such as they use in the north of France, for instance. I am told that the real cleansing of the linen had been done at home before, that this was only to satisfy a superstition that linen could not be pure unless dipped in running water. The purifying qualities of this very turbid water seemed to me imaginary only. It had a fearful effect on my own shirts; they came home perfectly rigid, and tore right across the back directly I attempted to put them on. After the linen was put back into the baskets the women stood on it and stamped it down, squeezing out the water, which formed fresh icicles on the sledge."

THE KEY TO THOMAS'S HEART.

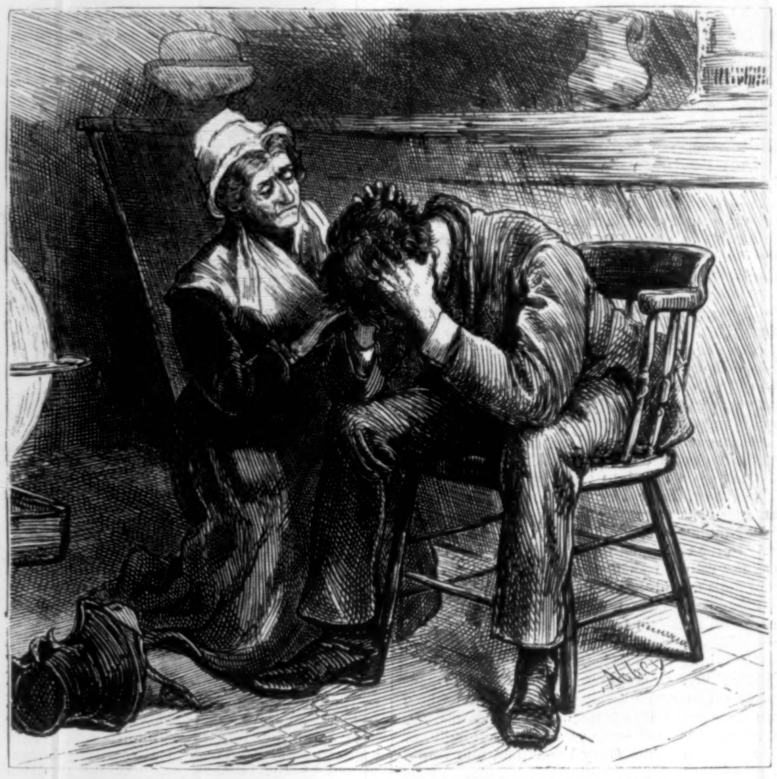
By WILL CARLETON,

Author of "Betsey and I are Out."

Ride with me, Uncle Nathan? * *
I don't care an I do.
My poor old heart's in a hurry; I'm anxious to get through.
My soul outwalks my body; my legs are far from strong;
An' it's mighty kind o' you, doctor, to help the old man along.

I'm some'at full o' hustle; there's business to be done.
I've just been out to the village to see my youngest son.
You used to know him, doctor, ere he his age did get,
An' if I ain't mistaken, you sometimes see him yet.

We took him through his boyhood, with never a ground for fears;
But somehow he stumbled over his early manhood's years.
The landmarks that we showed him, he seems to wander from,
Though in his heart there was never a better boy than Tom.



"THE MOTHER, WHO CARRIES THE KEY TO THOMAS'S HEART."

He was quick o' mind an' body in all he done an' said;
But all the gold he reached for, it seemed to turn to lead.
The devil of grog it caught him, an' held him, though the while
He has never grudged his parents a pleasant word an' smile.

The devil of grog it caught him, an' then he turned an' said,
By that which fed from off him, he henceforth would be fed;
An' that which lived upon him, should give him a livin' o'er;
An' so he keeps that doggery that's next to Wilson's store.

But howsoe'er he's wandered, I've al'ays so far heard
That he had a sense of honor, an' never broke his word;
An' his mother, from the good Lord, she says, has understood
That, if he agrees to be sober, he'll keep the promise good.

An' so when just this mornin' these poor old eyes o' mine
Saw all the women round him, a-coaxin' him to sign,
An' when the Widow Adams let fly a homespun prayer,
An' he looked kind o' wild like, an' started unaware,
An' glanced at her an instant, an' then at his kegs o' rum,
I somehow knew in a minute the turnin'-point had come;
An' he would be as good a man as ever yet there's been,
Or else let go forever, an' sink in the sea of sin.

An' I knew, whatever efforts might carry him or fail,
There was only one could help God to turn the waverin' scale;
An' I skulked away in a hurry—I was bound to do my part—
To get the mother, who carries the key to Thomas's heart.

She's gettin' old an' feeble, an' childish in her talk;
An' we've no horse an' buggy, an' she will have to walk;
But she would be fast to come, Sir, the gracious chance to seize,
If she had to crawl to Thomas upon her hands an' knees.

* * * * * * *

Crawl?—walk? No, not if I know it! So set your mind at rest.
Why, hang it! I'm Tom's customer, and said to be his best!
But if this blooded horse here will show his usual power,
Poor Tom shall see his mother in less than half an hour.

FEEDING THE DEER.

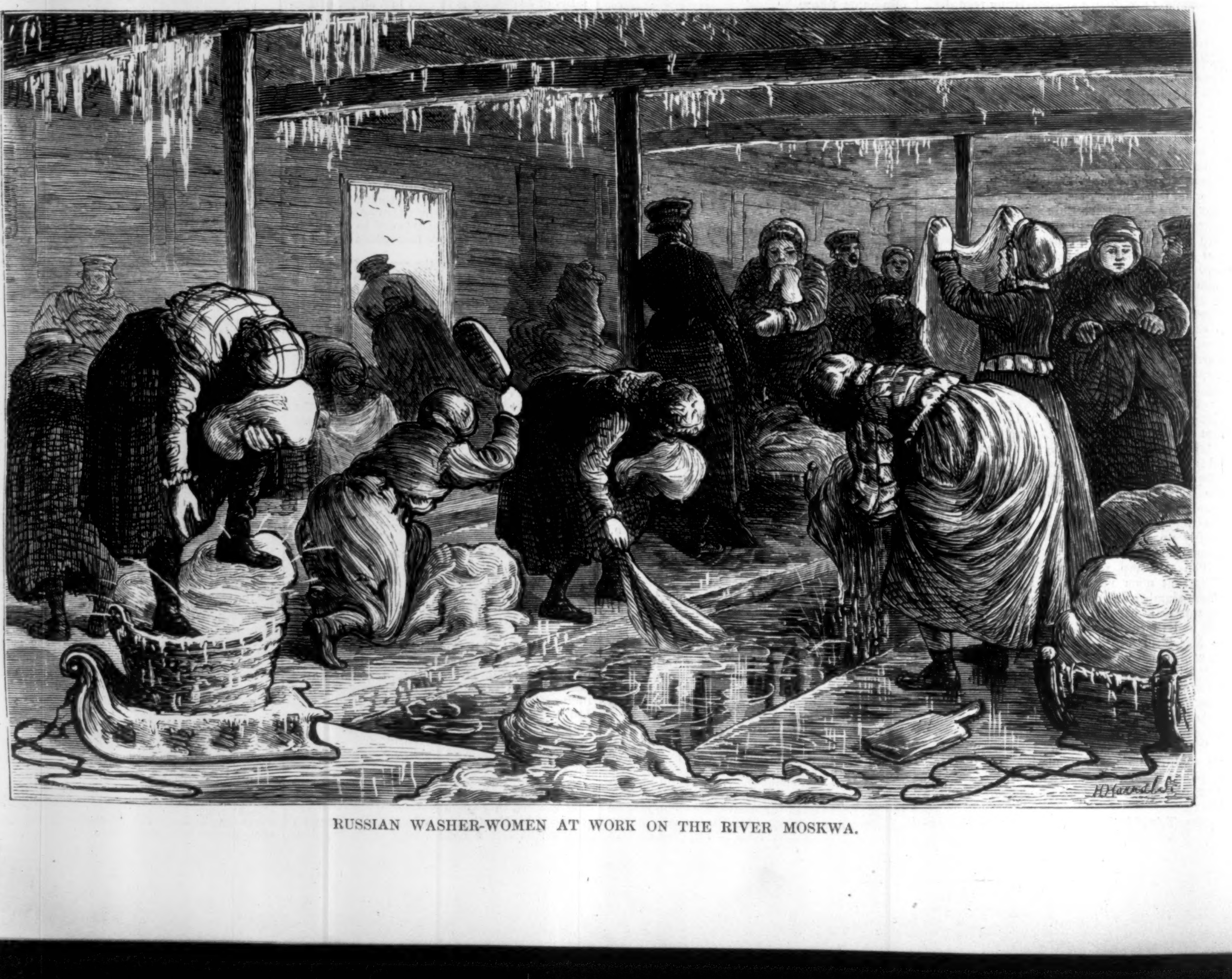
The deer in Richmond Park, one of the most celebrated inclosures of the kind in England, number about sixteen hundred, red and fallow. During the winter months they are fed with hay, beans, maize, and chopped mangel-wurzel. The hay is first scattered within and around the inclosures where the deer are kept; later in the day the beans are distributed, and a cart-load of the mangel-wurzel completes the day's allowance of food. The illustration on the next page represents the last part of the programme. The deer follow the cart in great numbers as it is slowly driven along, and eagerly watch the operation of shoveling out the provender.

CHARLES SUMNER.

Charles Sumner, whose career and character are discussed in another part of this paper, was born in Boston, January 6, 1811. At the age of ten he entered the public Latin School of Boston, and even at this early age developed the love of history and the classics which distinguished him in after-life. He graduated at Harvard in 1830, and after pursuing his studies privately for a year he entered the Law School at Cambridge. His labors here were assiduous and thorough. He is said to have discarded the aid of text-books, and, seeking the fountains of legal knowledge, to have familiarized himself with all accessible authorities and references, even running his researches back into the Norman French. Mr. Sumner was admitted to the bar in Worcester, but began the practice of the law in Boston. He was soon afterward made reporter of the United States Circuit Court, and published several volumes of Judge Story's decisions, at the same time editing *The American Jurist*, a law journal.

In 1837 Mr. Sumner made a journey to Europe, and remained three years abroad. He was received with flattering distinction in England and on the Continent by eminent men of all professions. While in Paris he gave great attention to the study of art, and in that city began his magnificent collection of engravings, which is not surpassed by any in private hands in this country. On his return to Boston, in 1840, he resumed the practice of the law, was three years afterward made lecturer at the Law School, and in 1844–46 he edited *Vesey's Reports*, a work consisting of twenty volumes.

Mr. Sumner's political career began on the Fourth of July, 1844, when he pronounced before the authorities of Boston an oration entitled "The true Grandeur of Nations," an address of which the key-note is his own words: "In our age there can be no peace that is not honorable; there can be no war that is not dishonorable." It was a vigorous protest against the impending war with Mexico, and was not received with favor. Undismayed by the adverse criticism it aroused, Mr. Sumner in the following year spoke even more vigorously in the same vein, and in 1846, in an address to the Whig Convention on "The Antislavery Duties of the Whig Party," boldly announced his uncompromising hostility to slavery. On the 17th of February, 1847, he delivered in Boston a brilliant



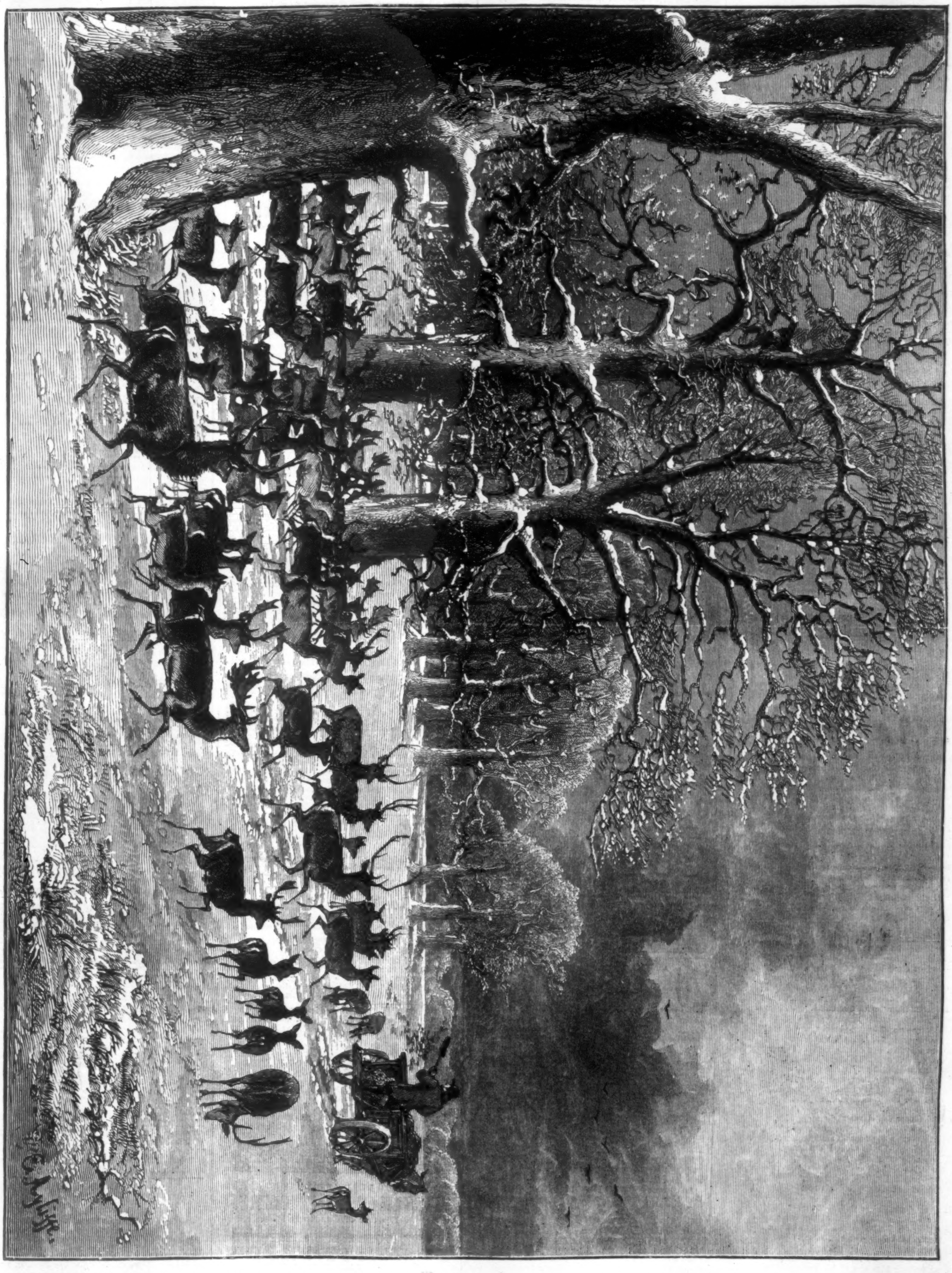
RUSSIAN WASHER-WOMEN AT WORK ON THE RIVER MOSKWA.

lecture on "White Slavery in the Barbary States," which he subsequently expanded and published in book form. Several other magnificent orations on the slavery question, intended to consolidate the antislavery elements of the North, gave Mr. Sumner a wide celebrity. The timidity of the decaying Whig party led to his union with the Free-Soilers, who supported Mr. Van Buren for the Presidency in 1848.

The passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill, under Mr. Fillmore, was the occasion of one of Mr. Sumner's most masterly speeches, his oration before the Free-soil Convention at Boston in October, 1850. It produced a deep impression, and strengthened the abhorrence in which the odious law was held at the North. In April, 1851, Mr. Webster having left the Senate to take a seat in Mr. Fillmore's cabinet, Mr. Sumner was elected United States Senator by a coalition of Free-Soilers and Democrats, after a contest of extreme severity. His first great effort in the Senate was the speech on the 26th of August, 1852, entitled "Freedom National, Slavery Sectional." Two years afterward, in February, 1854, he made another great speech, against the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. In May, 1856, occurred the great debate on the admission of Kansas as a State. Mr. Sumner's speech on this question, which has been esteemed one of his finest oratorical efforts, greatly incensed the Southern members of Congress, and two days afterward occurred the assault by Mr. Brooks, member of the House from South Carolina, which roused the indignation of the whole country. The attack probably did more damage to the Democratic party than even the Fugitive Slave Bill. The injuries to Mr. Sumner were of the most serious character, and resulted in a long-continued disability. He sought rest and medical treatment in Europe, and was finally restored to health, but it was evident that his nervous system had received a shock from which it never wholly recovered. In 1857 Mr. Sumner was re-elected Senator by a nearly unanimous vote, and twice since then Massachusetts has honored herself in sending him to represent the State in the Senate. In the Presidential canvass which resulted in the election of Mr. Lincoln he took an active part.

We have not space to give, even in outline, a sketch of Mr. Sumner's career from the outbreak of the war to the day when he left the Senate-Chamber for the last time. He was an early advocate of the unconditional emancipation of the slaves as the speediest means of ending the war; and at the close of the conflict he was earnest in support of the policy of investing the enfranchised blacks with all the rights and privileges of white citizens. On the trial of President Johnson, whose policy he had strenuously opposed, Mr. Sumner voted "guilty" on nearly all the articles of impeachment.

The closing days of his life were devoted to the Civil Rights Bill, now pending in Congress. For several days previous to his death he had been conscious of the approach of the attack which seized him on the evening of the 10th. He


FEEDING DEER IN RICHMOND PARK, ENGLAND.—[See Page 280.]

was in his place that day in the Senate when the resolutions of the Legislature of Massachusetts expunging from its records the resolutions of censure on his action in proposing to drop from the army register the names of the battles of the civil war were presented, and at dinner seemed to be in excellent spirits. On retiring to his room about ten o'clock in the evening he was seized with a severe attack, and, notwithstanding the efforts of skillful physicians, gradually sank away. He died a little before three o'clock on the afternoon of the 11th inst. To the end his thoughts were on the great work of his life; and almost his last words to the friends who were at his bedside were, "Take care of the Civil Rights Bill."

Our portrait of Mr. Sumner, on the front page of the *Weekly*, is engraved from a photograph taken in 1866, and shows him in the prime of his strength.

NEW ODE TO SAINT PATRICK.

AN AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE BANISHMENT OF TOADS AND SNAKES FROM IRELAND; TOGETHER WITH THE SAINT'S INTENTIONS RESPECTING THEM, AND THE MAGICAL CREATION OF THE SHAMROCK. DECIPHERED AND TRANSLATED FROM RECENTLY DISCOVERED ANCIENT MILESIAN RECORDS.

When Cæsar, by conquests unsated,
On Erin's soft slopes set his eye,
His troops he debarked, and, elated,
Strolled forth to a wake, as a spy.
That brawny barbarian, the Briton,
In Britain he'd beaten anew,
Then furbished fresh fetters to fit on
The Freemen of Brian Boru.

He'd heard of our civilization,
Our muniments modeled in mud;
Our archives—with "Notes on Creation,"
The "Special Report" of "The Flood,"
By one who declared an embargo
Was placed on the Ark and her crew,
And that he, not half liking her cargo,
Sculled home in a Celtic canoe.

From Britain he came empty-handed—
No wonder, for History tells
That the nobles, wherever he landed,
Were robed in "red-ochre" and "shells,"
While those who fought bravely beside them,
The serfs that they held in their thrall,
Had "shells" and the "ochre" denied them,
Parading in—"nothing at all!"

He little knew then we were Romans,
Established ere Rome had been built,
So looked on our Island as no man's,
Not caring how many he kilt.
But first, and before he gave battle,
He'd heard of the "wake," as I've towld,
So, cutting himself an oak wattle,
Sneaked out in the hoighth of the cowld.

Disguised in a pair of cord "britches,"
Frieze coat, sturdy brogues, and caubeen,
He scrambled through hedges and ditches
To where the wake sights could be seen.
He set out quite fearless and hearty,
Arrived somewhat soon in the night,
And skrewdged himself in ere the party
Was quite drunk enough for a fight.

He laughed, the big thief, and grew frisky,
And drank with a mighty good will
(He'd never afore tasted whisky,
Or even "heerd tell" of a "still").
King Brian Boru sat and eyed him,
So also did huge Fin-ma-Cool,
And a third in a cloak, with, beside him,
A crosier propped up by a stool.

They all seemed to relish the liquor
(No exciseman near it had been);
The quicker they tippled, the quicker
They puffed at the fragrant dudheen.
To Cæsar the pipe was extended
By him with the crosier and cloak;
But Cæsar refused, and, offended,
Said, "Cities must blaze when I smoke."

"Oh, cities?" says t'other, quite civil;
"You'll want a big pipe for that same—
I know ye."—"If, so, you're the divil,"
Says Cæsar; "so tell me my name."
"Your name and your fame," says the other,
"Might both be much safer at home:
The bogs of Green Erin would smother
Such haythens as Cæsar from Rome."

Then Cæsar jumped up in a hurry,
And turned for to run to the door—
All laughed, for he found, in his flurry,
His feet fixed like wax to the floor!
"Who are you? What ails me?" he muttered;
"Why, why should I tremble and faint,
And quake at the words you have uttered?
I fear neither Satan nor Saint.

"What are you?—your glances appall me!"
The other replied, with a smile,
"Saint Patrick, my countrymen call me,
The Guardian of Erin's green Isle.
You've *veni'd*, and *vidi'd*, *not vici'd*—
Embark in your fleet, and when there,
I'll send you, if you're not too nice-eyed,
Such live stock as Erin can spare."

Proud Cæsar fell down right afore him,
And groveled his length as he lay;
Then knelt to the Saint, to adore him,
But Fin-ma-Cool dragged him away.
He rose, seemed desirous to linger,
So Brian Boru bade him "Go!"
Saint Patrick he lifted his finger,
And Fin-ma-Cool lifted his toe.

He shot from the spot like a rocket,
For Fin-ma-Cool kicked with a will;
His men on the beach felt the shock; it
Electrified valley and hill.
He fell with a thud on the sod, he
Was "telescoped in," but they rose,
First pulling him out of his body,
And secondly out of his clothes.

He found his voice somewhere about him,
But where, 'twasn't easy to tell.
Ould Erin could *get on* without him,
Could he but *get off* her as well.
He issued commands for embarking,
Though all his provisions were spent;
And felt his late game at "sky-larking"
Unpleasant, so far as it went.

Next morning no breezes were blowing
To waft him away from the shore;
Instead, many barges came, rowing,
Deep laden with barrels galore.
With speed all the barrels were shifted,
A gift from Saint Patrick; then free
Sails filled, and the barges back drifted,
His fleet steering straight out to sea.

Away Cæsar sailed, sore and weary,
From Brian Boru and his rule,
From the Saint who had made him feel "skeery,"
And the big toe of big Fin-ma-Cool;
Away o'er the billowy Biscay,
Sea-sickened, soul-saddened, he sped,
Convulsed with a craving for whisky,
And braved by his bullies for bread.

The barrels—none dared to go near them!
They hooped in strange horrors that stung,
Hissed, twisted, croaked—all men could *hear* them,
And *see* venom ooze from each bung;
While seated, smoke-wreathed, blithe and hearty,
In Erin three sages were seen:
The Giant gave, "Here's to our party!"
The King ladled out the poteen.

Saint Patrick rose up like a steeple;
Says he, "Cæsar knows of our 'wakes,'
So I gave him, to victual his people,
The *whole* of our toads and our snakes."
Says Brian Boru, "When he sees them
He'll not dare to carry them home."
"He must!" says the Saint. "When he frees them
They'll wriggle, as monks, about Rome.

"The morning I preached them a sarmin,
And made them my curses to feel,
I set a plain mark on the varmin
When skrunchin' their heads 'neath my heel.
So now, through all ages and places,
The mark must forever go down,
They'll be known by *hard, whiskerless faces*,
And a *round spot shaved out* on *the crown*.

"But here!"—then he lifted his crosier—
"No toads in the future shall croak,
No snakes crawl; and 'stead of the osier,
Henceforward will flourish the oak.
And, pledge of our triune endeavor
To keep this the Home of the Free,
A triple-leaved shamrock shall ever
Be emblem, dear Erin, of thee!"

Like magic, the woods of Shillehla
Spontaneously sprang from the ground,
Birds singing therein—a grand gala
Of beauty and plumage and sound—
With grass intermixed, but not tangled,
The SHAMROCK, our emblem and gem,
An emerald triplet, dew-spangled,
Rose, twining *three leaves* on its stem.

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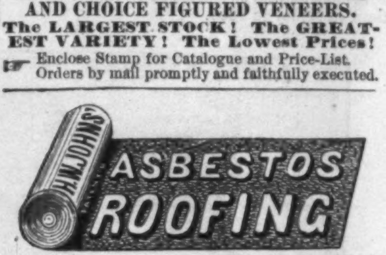

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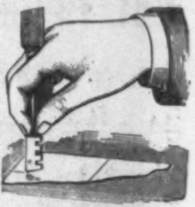

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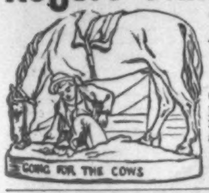

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DEMI-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT, with Basque Back and Square Front.......... " 43
TIGHT-FITTING DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE, with French Round Skirt.......... " 45
SINGLE-BREASTED BASQUINE, with Short Pouf Walking Skirt.......... " 47
DOUBLE-BREASTED PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron Front and Square Back Over-skirt and Long Walking Skirt.......... " 47
DOLMAN DEMI-TRAINED SUIT.......... " 48
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With one Illustration.
THE SECRET REGIONS OF THE STAGE. By OLIVE LOGAN.
With Sixteen Illustrations.
ILKLEY. By MONCURE D. CONWAY.
With Eleven Illustrations.
PLANTING THE PALM.
THE LAW OF CHROMATIC CONTRAST.
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THE MOORINGS. By WILL WALLACE HARNEY.
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CHARLES NORDHOFF describes the Farallon Islands—a rocky group, the home of sea-lions, and rabbits, and innumerable birds. The illustrations of this paper are unusually picturesque and characteristic. In another profusely illustrated paper, OLIVE LOGAN shows by what tricks, traps, and machinery remarkable spectacular effects are produced. M. D. CONWAY contributes an illustrated paper on Ilkley—a great manufacturing district in the middle of England—and its memorable historical associations. A sketch of Oliver Goldsmith, accompanied by Twenty-two rare and characteristic illustrations, is peculiarly timely in view of the centennial anniversary of Goldsmith's death.

"Bonnibell," by KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD, and "The Moorings," by WILL WALLACE HARNEY, are two striking Poems, beautifully illustrated. R. H. STODDARD contributes a poem of great strength and subtlety, entitled "Brahma's Answer."

The first of a series of papers on "Army Organization" is contributed by General GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN. An important article, showing the situation of our defective classes—the deaf, dumb, blind, and feeble-minded—by CHARLES D. DESHLER, will command the attention of all readers. There is, also, a thrilling sketch of "Slave Hunts in Central Africa;" a brief reminiscence of Thomas Carlyle; and a continuation of the "Recollections of an Old Stager."

Professor DE MILLE'S and Mrs. CRAIK'S Serial Stories are continued, and two interesting short Stories are given, one of which is a posthumous tale by CAROLINE CHESEBRO.

The Editor's Easy Chair covers a variety of timely topics; the Literary, Historical, and Scientific Summaries are full and interesting; and the Drawer is unusually amusing, including some very humorous illustrations.

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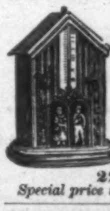

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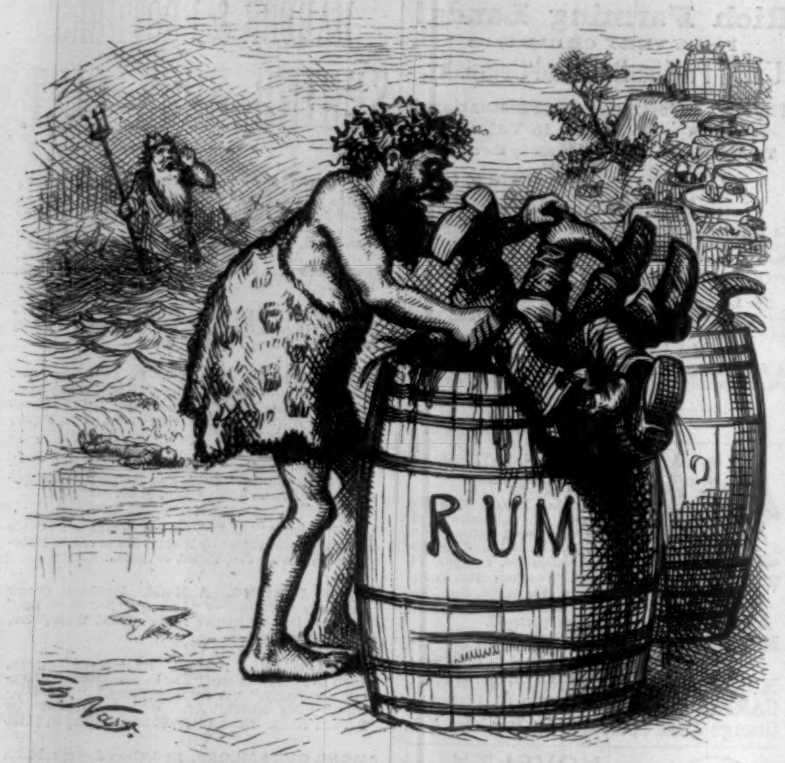

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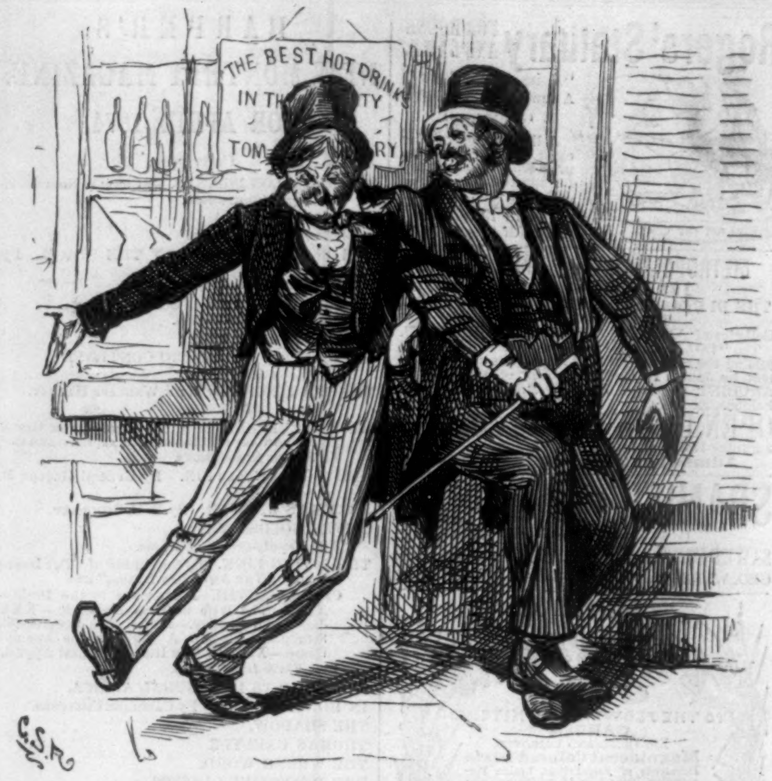
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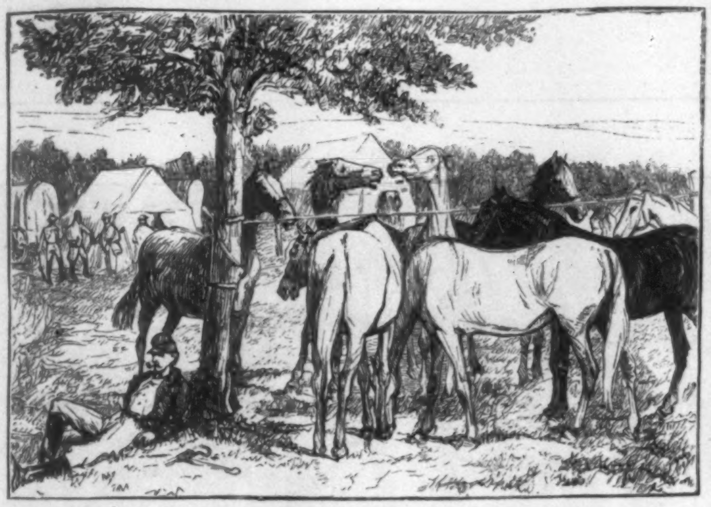
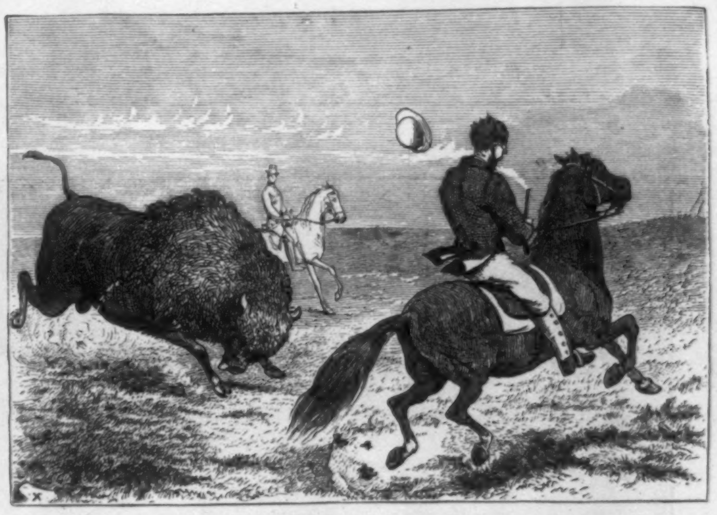


THE ENCAMPMENT.

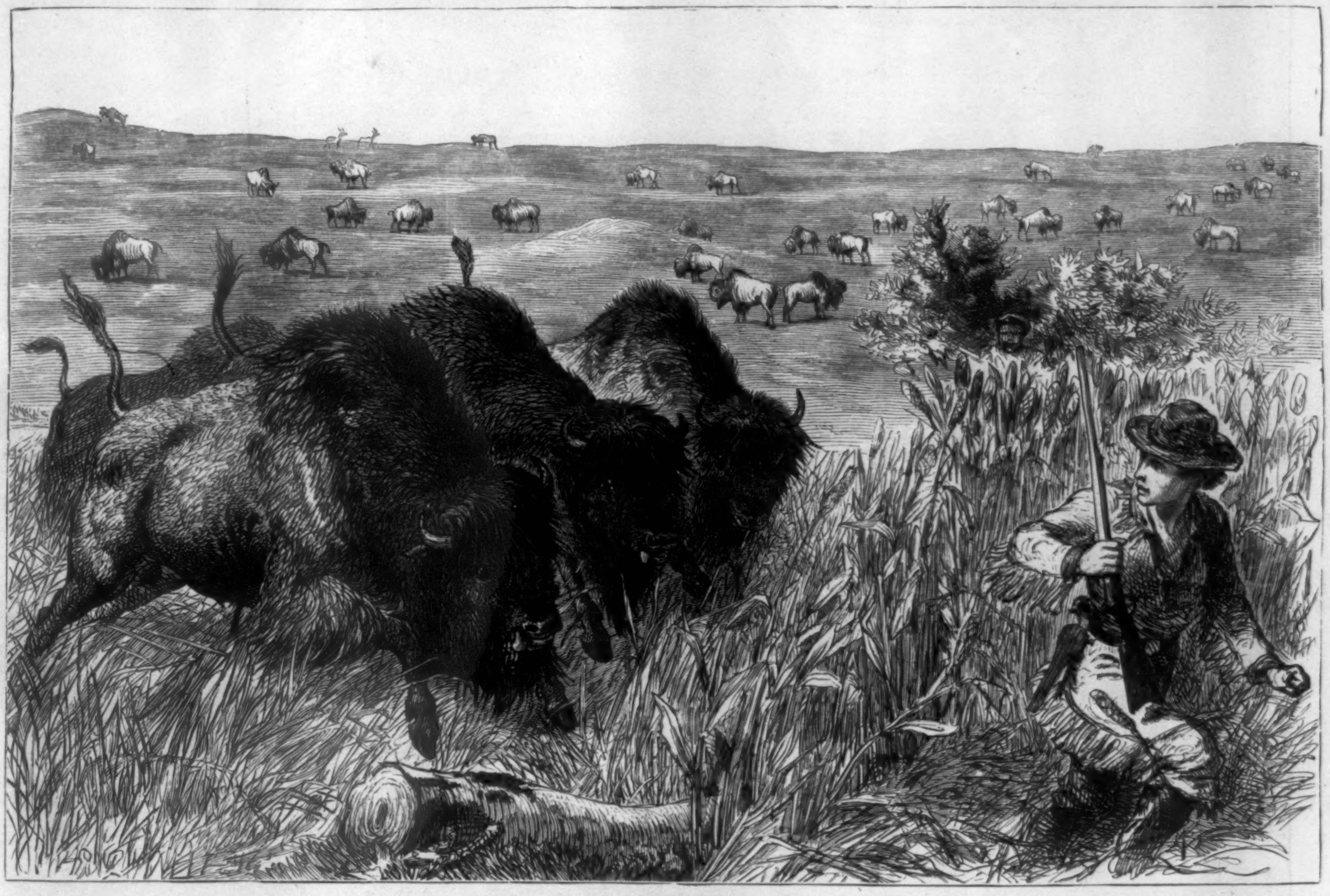


PONY DECLINES TO FACE THE MUSIC.

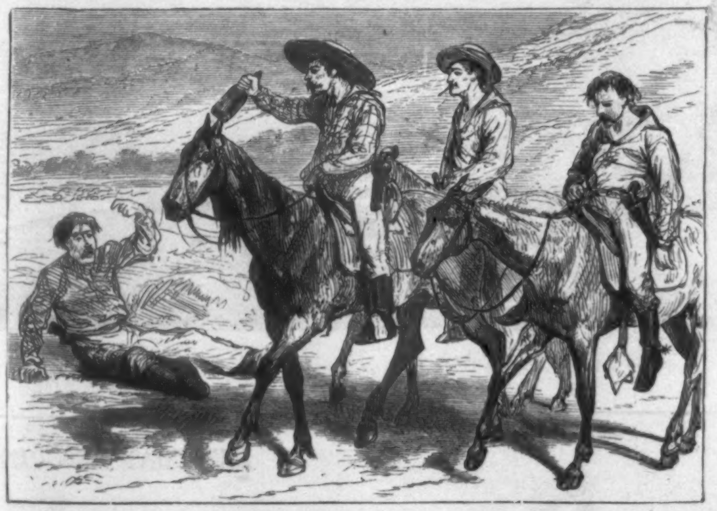
AN ARTIST ON THE PLAINS.

LAST week we gave two sketches from the pencil of a talented artist who lately made a tour through the far West; on this page we present several other engravings from the same hand. The first shows an encampment on Mulberry Creek, about thirty miles from Fort Dodge, Kansas, with cavalry horses picketed in the foreground, where the artist halted a short time on his tour across the Plains. The second represents a semi-ludicrous incident which befell him on his first hunting excursion, near the same locality, when his pony declined to face the charge of a wounded buffalo. The artist's pistol may be observed going off promiscuously, as he vainly endeavors to control the pony's antics. The larger illustration represents an incident which came near having a tragical termination. A wounded buffalo bull made a desperate charge at the artist, when the latter was dismounted, and compelled him to run for dear life. The only place of safety was a tree some distance off, for which he made with frantic haste. Fortunately the wounded beast soon dropped dead, and its companions ceased the pursuit. It might have gone hard with him otherwise.

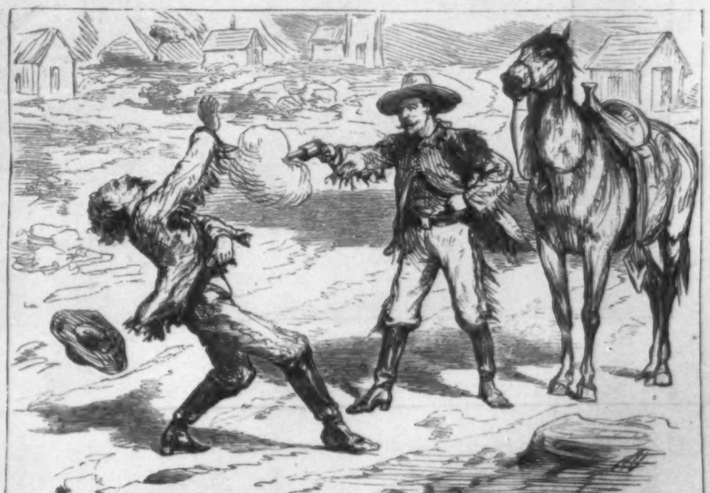
The fourth sketch shows a party returning from a miners' meeting. From their condition it is evident they had been plentifully supplied with trader's whisky. From appearance we should judge the whole party to be in danger of the predicament which has befallen the poor fellow on the ground, whose horse will probably reach home long before his master. The last sketch gives the end of a miners' feud. Such tragedies, when the knife or the pistol was used on the slightest provocation, were very common in the earlier days of mining in the far West, and are not yet altogether out of date.



MAKING FOR A TREE.

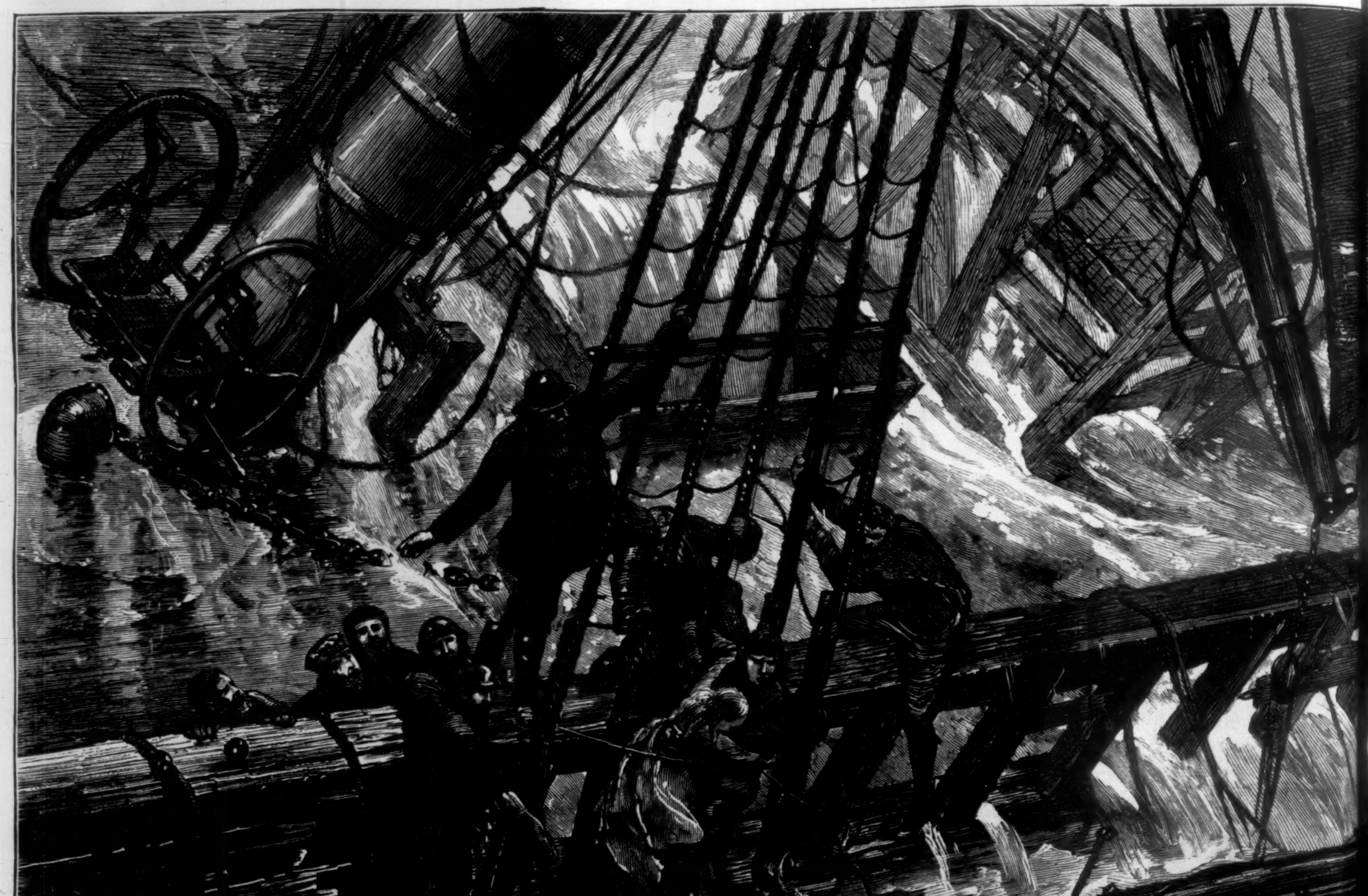


RETURNING FROM A MINERS' MEETING.

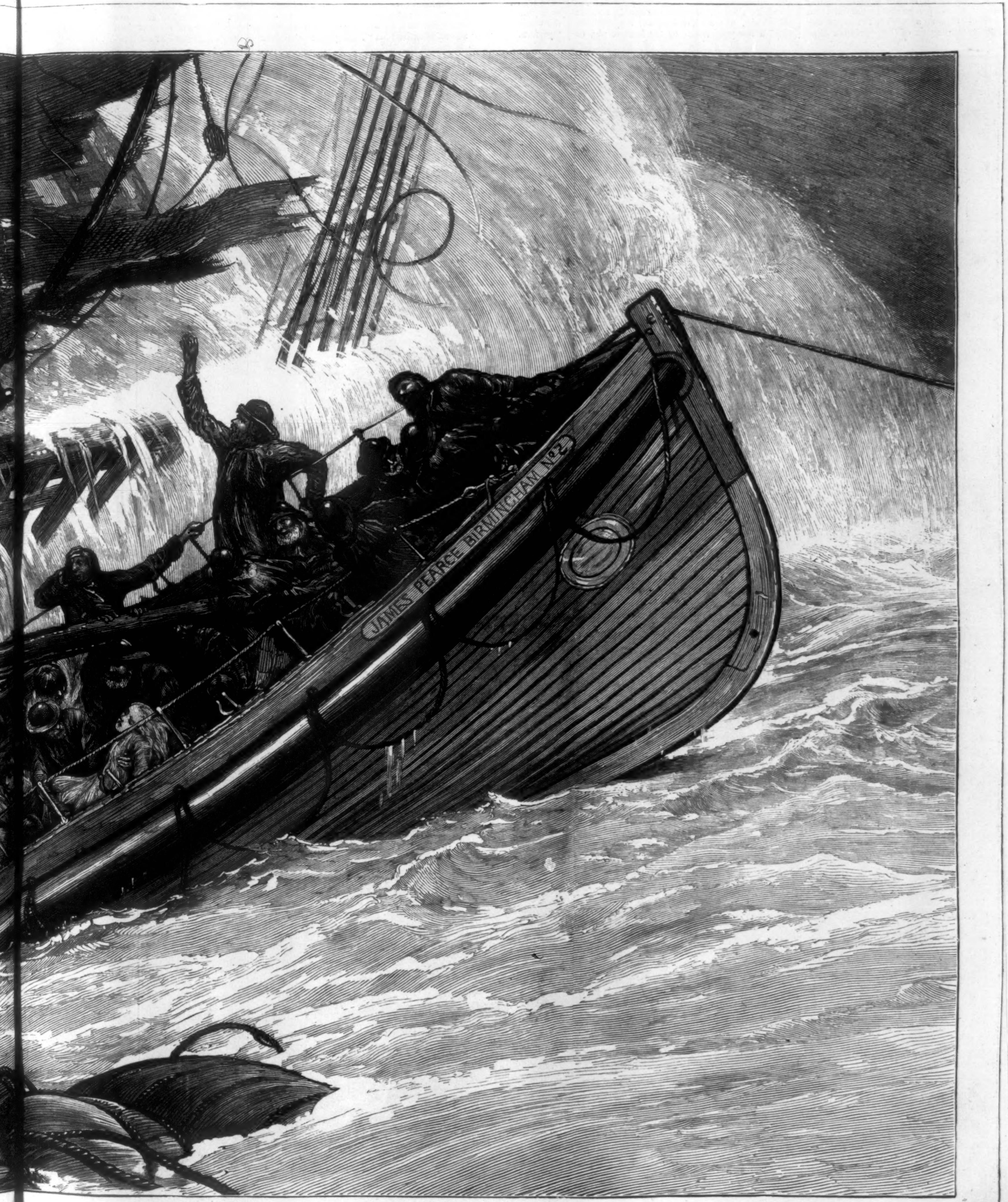


"I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU."

SKETCHES IN THE FAR WEST.



LIFE-BOAT RESCUING PEOPLE FROM


JAMES PEARCE BIRMINGHAM No 2

OM A WRECK.—[See Page 288.]